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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

Friday, September 2, 1983

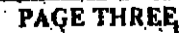


**We've
Won A Free
Trip to Paris On A
Bottle of Carmel Wine**

1. Rehov Herzog
 Rehovot

100

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1983



هكذا من الأصل

ALL THOSE emotional scenes outside Premier Begin's residence this week sparked by his resignation announcement have aroused varying degrees of wonderment or repugnance among the general public, unused to normative behaviour in Herut. I have been busy this week explaining to friends that such incidents of near mass hysteria have always been the instinctive response of the Herut faithful to their beloved leader.

I can still remember my sense of isolation when covering my first Herut mass rally during the 1959 election campaign, as I stood trying to take notes amidst the huge crowd swaying ecstatically to Begin's oration from the steps of Tel Aviv's Mograbi Theatre. I will never forget the ashen-faced Begin leaving the weeping crowd thronging the main hall of the Maccabiah Village after he announced his resignation to his party's eighth national convention in 1964 following Shmuel Tamir's bid at a palace revolt. Nor the lonely figure of Shmuel Katz, at the last party convention in 1978, announcing his candidacy for the leadership to a derisory audience. Nor the mad rush of delegates to trample Geula Cohen underfoot as she screamed, "Begin is the modern version of Shabbetai Zvi."

Over the years, it has been difficult to relate the extremely polite gentleman with the meticulous old-world, East European manners I encountered off-stage to the public persona of our most skillful mass orator, who has always known how to manipulate his audiences' responses so brilliantly, like a master puppeteer.

Throughout his years in public life, Begin has revealed a penchant for the theatrical gesture, and his resignation cliff-hanger, which has kept the world, never mind the increasingly nervous Israeli public, on tenterhooks, is very much part of a pattern.

Begin has certainly added some touches of colour to an increasingly dreary international leadership scene, but like so many other talented performers on the public stage, he has displayed a distinct dislike of sharing the spotlight with anyone else.

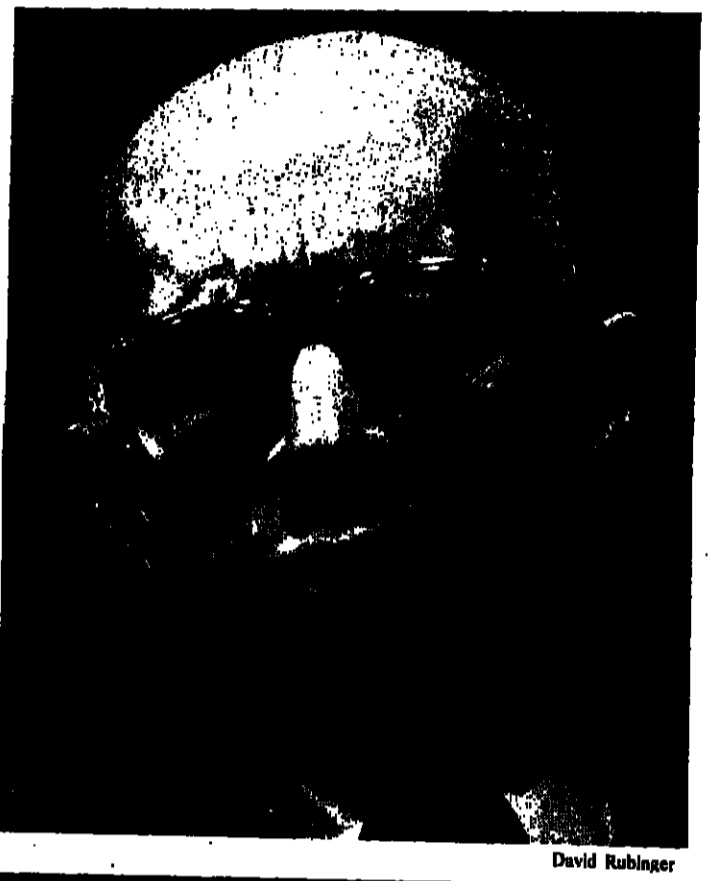
His relationship with his followers has much about it of the hasidic wonder rabbi and disciples, rather than the elected political leader and supporters. But what the non-believer finds disturbing in the public worship of Menachem Begin is the constant undercurrent of violence, that threatens to burst forth among his hasidim at any moment. That is what differentiates the manifestation of Begin's appeal to his contemporary mass audience from that evoked by the presence of David Ben-Gurion with its messianic overtones.

DELVING INTO the realm of psychopolitics, one notes the premier's seemingly miraculous recovery from a prolonged bout of depression back in 1981, starting with his first mass Likud election rally in Kfar Saba. Many of his followers have been hoping that this week's demonstrations and choruses of "Begin Melech Yisrael" might influence him to rescind his resignation decision. Their reasoning was premised on the effect on him in the past of the electricity of the adoring mass audience, which has been considered his best medicine.

Mind you, the therapeutic value of the overflowing of love from massed admirers is not restricted to the Herut leader. It will be remembered how Golda Meir's ailments improved under the glow of mass ad-

AFTER BEGIN

In the post-Begin era which has just begun, Herut will pay the price of 35 years of single-leader politics, writes MARK SEGAL.



David Rubinger

fection. It might be said of Israel's sixth premier as of his predecessor but one, that there's nothing wrong with him that an audience of a thousand applauding Jews cannot cure.

One great complaint levelled against Begin by his followers is his total neglect of his party since he became premier in 1977. Indeed, he has often appeared to treat his political creation as something of a burden. In the long climb to power, Begin preferred to keep a closely-knit clique of disciples who ran the kernel of a party organization that would only spring to life once every four years, in time for election day. Anyone revealing the slightest hint of dissent or independent thought was cast into the outer darkness. Begin's capacity for nursing grudges is notorious, and it certainly has been allowed to outweigh the interests of practical politics, as in the case of such a vote-getter as Ezer Weizman, for example.

THERE ARE FEW surviving members of the inner circle of the IZL "fighting family," and it is especially unfortunate that the early death of Aryeh Ben-Eliezer in the late '60s deprived Begin of the sensible advice of one of his most trusted and level-headed counsellors.

It was at Ben-Eliezer's prompting that Begin agreed to cast aside one of the credos of the Revisionist dogma and allow his followers to form a Herut faction inside the Histadrut. This was the first giant step up the rocky ascent to power, because thereby Ben-Eliezer not only propelled Begin's movement out of the wilderness, but also established a training base for cadres

Two illustrative incidents come to mind. When Rakah-Black Panther MK Charlie Biton was asked why residents of his old Musrara Quarter in Jerusalem voted for the Likud rather than for him, he explained half-jokingly: "My father, for example, knows Begin was born in Poland, but thinks he was raised in Morocco." And when the premier planned to visit Dimona, a big centre of North African settlement, to inaugurate the Ze'ev Jabotinsky Square, many Dimona residents working at the Dead Sea Works, asked to be let off early. When the foreman asked for their reasons, the explanation was invariably: "Abba ba — father is coming." That kind of combination must be unique in Israeli politics.

It explains not only the opposition's interpretation of dissent as betrayal, but the sense of bereavement that swept so many Begin disciples on hearing of his intention to step down. It may be said that what distinguishes the motives of the Herut and Liberal politicians, who were pressing Begin to stay on this week, is that for the Herut faithful Begin's exit means the disappearance of a beloved father, while for the Liberals it means the departure of a protector and breadwinner.

In the case of the former, it is likely to prove a rather traumatic experience, which explains why so many of the demonstrators outside the premier's residence behaved like lost children. The Liberals, on the other hand, suffer a collective anxiety based on mounting concern over the impending removal of their main protection against political reality and the growing demand among the Herut rank and file for the revision of the 1965 Gahal agreement which granted them parity of representation.

With Begin gone, who will browbeat aspiring Herut politicians to forgo on behalf of the Liberals what they consider their due on Knesset and municipal candidates' lists? It is no secret that a large element of Begin's commitment to the Gahal agreement was buried along with his Liberal deputy premier, Simcha Ehrlich.

FOR AT LEAST half the electorate, the frenzied scenes outside Begin's residence could only confirm the image of Herut as a Byzantine-style court, underlined by the deputations of ministers and MKs kowtowing before their liege lord like so many vassals and retainers, rather than representatives of a sovereign people dealing with their elected leader.

The bemused foreign observer may rest assured that the Israel he or she has grown accustomed to, and even admired, is still there as a thriving, progressive democracy. True, there are forces of Khomelism at large, and mindless elements who look to the strong man to adopt strong-arm simplistic solutions to complex problems. But Israel is not quite yet Peronist Argentina, despite the image projected via television from the area around the house at the corner of Smolenskin and Balfour streets in Jerusalem's Talbiya quarter.

We are living through one of the great tests of our democracy. Not for nothing did David Ben-Gurion say, in his last interview for *The Jerusalem Post* before his death in 1974, that the sovereign Jewish state was still, in the process of being born. He went to his grave deeply concerned about certain social trends that had not been guided into positive channels. His former comrades in the Labour movement

leadership were too involved in their factional intrigues to perceive the likely effects on the political system of certain demographic patterns. They were too haughty and too confident of their grasp on power to see the dangers involved in the presence of a considerable body of alienated voters, deriving from immigrant communities originating in pre-democratic societies.

Menachem Begin, who at the state's birth challenged its brand-new government with the Altalena incident, managed through the ensuing three decades to fashion for himself the reputation of our most consummate parliamentarian, teaching the Mapai machine to accommodate itself to the workings of parliamentary democracy. That is quite distinct from such lamentable anti-democratic acts as his march on the Knesset at the head of a mob in a bid to overturn the vote on German reparations.

By leading the Likud to power in 1977 as a result of a clever campaign mounted by Ezer Weizman — and Labour's own incompetence — Begin demonstrated that Israeli democracy works well, and that the electorate had more than one viable choice at the polling booths.

It seems light years since that day at the Labour Central Committee in the early '70s, when Golda Meir mourned: "It would be so healthy for us and for the country if we could take a rest from government, but there's no one to hand over power to..." Yet anything today seems better than what Simcha Ehrlich called "the Likud's lack of the culture of government," or what Social Services Minister Aharon Uzan called "the captain-less ship of state."

We are facing a testing time for our democracy once more because of the palpable presence of the anti-democratic forces, never far below the Herut surface, that have been allowed to emerge during Likud rule. Menachem Begin, the stickler for due process and democratic procedures, in his passion for the entire Land of Israel has let loose menaces to the democratic system such as the forces backing Ariel Sharon and the Gush Emunim zealots in Kiryat Arba and elsewhere.

THE QUESTION IS: Can the civil spirits be forced back into this particular Pandora's box? The bid by Sharon and Moshe Arens to shift the blame for Begin's going out to Labour portends ill for the political climate.

What has always fascinated this political observer is Begin's disdain for the party managers who have striven in recent years to convert Herut into a mass-based political organization. One of the party's problems is that so many outstanding potential successors were broken by Begin. It is paying the price of the great performer's determination not to share the limelight.

We shall soon know the answer to the question of whether there is life for Herut and the Likud after Begin. All those Likud politicians who have lately been referring to the chanting demonstrators as "the people" will soon show us whether they are capable of existing outside Menachem Begin's political will, and whether they are mature enough to run the household without the guidance of their authoritarian father.

We shall learn soon enough whether the figures in Begin's puppet theatre can really take on an independent existence of their own or whether their strings are umbilical cords that can never be detached.

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ZICHRON YAACOV

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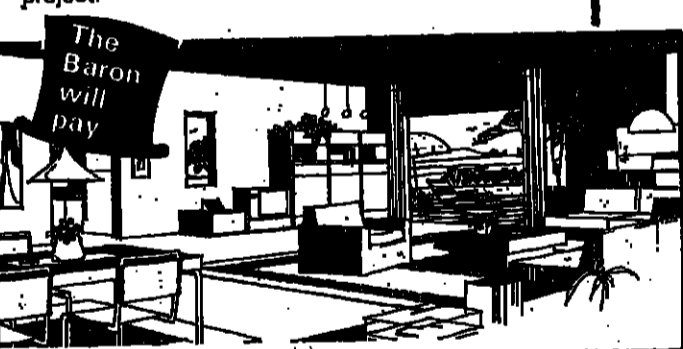
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בר-מז משהב סולל בונה

הכזאן האצל

FLYING HIGH

El Al has made a remarkable recovery from the financial and labour crisis in which it was mired a year ago. Post Economic Correspondent DAVID KRIVINE examines the reasons for the national air carrier's remarkable comeback.

EL AL is a changed airline. It is functioning quietly and efficiently, serving all its former destinations with a trimmed-down staff. At the purely operational level it is almost in balance financially (apart from certain overheads that shall be discussed later).

Before the transformation, the company had deteriorated to the point of collapse. A life-and-death struggle broke out between management and labour, which grounded Israel's national air carrier for four long months last autumn.

Power had gravitated to the bottom of the hierarchy, diffused between eight cantankerous workers' committees. Now it is back at the top: The director-general is strongman Rafael Harlev, formerly one of the heads of the Israel Air Force. "He behaves like a martinet," staff members complain. "But," they end up lamely, "that's what El Al needs."

A new collective agreement, imposed on the labour side as an ultimatum, restored full authority to management. Cases of misconduct are now referred to a disciplinary committee, headed by no less a person than former Supreme Court Judge David Bachor. A single workers' committee has replaced the previous eight, made up of a representative of each of them. They all turn up at meetings except one, the pilots' delegate.

Here is the last stronghold of resistance. The pilots continue to demand separate representation, but don't get it. The Histadrut signed the collective agreement which provides for one staff committee only. The courts recognize this contract as binding. "But we didn't sign it," say the pilots. The Histadrut's signature is enough, according to the courts.

Harlev abides by his guidelines

and refuses to negotiate with the pilots except through the sole accredited workers' committee, on which they decline to sit.

Ownership functions in El Al are exercised by the temporary receiver, whose authority expires in October. The airline will demonstrate then to the Jerusalem District Court that it is on the road to recovery, and the court may well restore ownership rights to the board (appointed by the shareholders, viz., the government). But rumour has it that the receiver's term of office is likely to be extended at least till the end of the present financial year.

El Al prefers it that way, on account (it is said) of the pilots. They must submit first and subscribe to the collective agreement. Until they do that, the company's fate will remain in suspense. The receiver has other alternatives: he could liquidate El Al, or sell it to an outside buyer.

Its final destiny will not be determined until the aircrews join other sectors of the staff in making obeisance and accepting the new order.

NOT THAT the pilots are causing any ructions. Apart from a mild protest against the leasing of foreign aircraft and crews to cope with the summer boom, their behaviour has been exemplary. In general, a disciplined work force is showing for the first time what El Al can do. And it can do a lot.

In 1979/80, the airline employed 5,700 persons. The first round of dismissals took place under the chairmanship of Avraham (Buma) Shavit: 1,200 went, most of them (but not all) temporaries and seasonally employed staff.

When Harlev took over last December, after the latest crisis, 4,500 staff remained. He has

reduced this further to 3,600 and this time the dismissals were almost entirely of permanent staff. Altogether, over 2,000 employees have quit the service, at a cost in severance pay of \$60m.

The drop comes to almost 40 per cent — yet this summer El Al has been flying more passenger-kilometres than ever before, indicating how productivity can be stepped up when the pressure is on.

THE ENTERPRISE is getting all the aid it needs to operate with maximum efficiency. The Knesset Finance Committee agreed last December to underwrite loans up to \$100m, giving the company breathing-space. Moreover, the government has paid for the purchase of three Boeing 737s (small planes with 117 seats) and four 767s (mini-jumbos with 214 seats).

Two of the small planes and one of the large ones are already in the airline's possession. Another Boeing 767 will be delivered next month, and the last two by next summer.

Their acquisition, though costing a large sum (\$250m, in all), saves running expenses. They consume 10 per cent less fuel. They are easier to pilot; instead of innumerable gauges, the cockpit has TV screens on which a bank of computers feeds requested information at the touch of a button.

They are easier to maintain. Toilet-bowls are drained by a vacuum-suction process instead of the old flushing system, with the debris fed into a distant tank. Emergency oxygen supplies are no longer channelled through a system of pipes, which can themselves be a fire-hazard. Now, each mask has a capsule with two chemicals separated by a partition. When the air pressure drops, the partition dis-

solves and the two chemicals unite to create oxygen.

The acquisition of such ultra-modern planes makes it possible to discard older, fuel-guzzling machines. The four most antique 707s are to be scrapped outright. Another four of more recent vintage will be confined to the European run, and to the charter services supplied by El Al's subsidiary, Sun d'Or.

ECONOMIES are being made

wherever possible. Many offices abroad have been shuttered. Instead, local tour operators are made El Al's general sales agents. Savings: \$50,000 a year per cancelled full-time representative post.

Economies are made inside the plane. Once aircrews were changed after each short-hop flight to Europe, and the incoming crew slept over. Today, those who take the aircraft out bring it back on the same day. "Gone are the times," a



gleeful official declares, "when people got one day's pay for half a day's work."

Cabin-crews have been reduced to the minimum that can be assured year-round employment. What about seasonal peaks? Temporary stewards are engaged for the summer; in the winter they have to fend for themselves. They are free to apply for employment again the following March.

Developments on the world scene have, by a happy chance, favoured this economy drive. The price of fuel is down, saving \$10m. on a yearly outlay of \$130m. (itself one-quarter of total expenses). The strength of the dollar as against European currencies helps rather than hinders, since ticket and freight prices for all airlines are fixed in dollars. Most Israeli export companies lose on these fluctuations. El Al has gained the equivalent of \$5m-\$7m.

IF WE TAKE into account that Harlev's dismissals have reduced this year's wage bill, compared with last, by \$25m. — from \$145m. to \$120m. — it can be concluded that the national aviation company ought to be in better shape than before. And so it would be, were it not for two still crippling problems, one inherited from the past and the other imposed by the politicians.

The inherited burden is the accumulated losses piled up during the days when strike-leaders like Eytan Rosenman ruled the roost. These losses will be revealed in the annual report for 1982/83, due to be published six weeks from now. They exceed \$300m.

Close to a third of that intimidating debt was caused by the work stoppage last year. Losses had been predicted in the company's work-plan to be \$25m., not an encouraging figure, but an improve-

ment on the year before. But the shutdown which paralyzed the service for a whole chunk of the year quadrupled the deficit to an unprecedented \$125m. (It works out at close to \$30,000 per employee.)

Servicing El Al's debt will also be a problem. Before the first jet took off at the beginning of the current fiscal year, El Al already had an entry on the debit side of \$30m.

The second handicap was imposed by the Begin government at the behest of the four Orthodox MKs of Agudat Yisrael: the Sabbath closure. How much this weekly shutdown costs will take time to work out, but expert opinion has it that it adds something like \$30m. (a sum equal to the whole debt-service burden) to the company's yearly deficit.

Figures are hard to come by in El Al: director-general Harlev has adopted a sealed-lips policy interdicting the supply of information to the press, with the same finality as Knesset Member Avraham Shapira interdicts flights on the weekly rest-day.

Nevertheless, a guestimate based on official sources suggests that El Al may need as much as \$30m. to cover its costs this year (1983/84). It will earn \$470m., leaving a deficit of \$60m. — increasing the undertaking's already massive shortfall instead of diminishing it.

The reader will notice that this \$60m. equals the combined outlay on financing the past deficits and the Sabbath closure. If the debt did not exist and if the weekly pause were revoked, El Al would be in a position to balance its accounts in the present year. Or almost.

Overlooked is one thing: the cost of the six new Boeing 737s and 767s. The government has provided the money. The cash outlay is relatively small, something like \$11m., with

HIGHER MORTGAGES FOR OLIM

The mortgage loans available to olim families only were raised on September 1, 1983 retroactive to August 25, 1983. More detailed information and exact figures will appear in the Erev Rosh Hashana edition of this newspaper. For further information, please contact your local Ministry of Immigrant Absorption office.

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FROM EARLIEST times people have wondered about their future. Most of us, at one time or another, are concerned, thoughtful or sometimes even frightened as we ponder our unknown tomorrows. This desire to know the future has resulted in myriad forms of fortune-telling, future seeing and prediction practices.

Throughout history, many systems have been developed for this purpose, employing countless oracles such as the entrails of animals and birds, mirrors, pendulums, crystal balls, coffee grounds, tea leaves and dice.

Some of these systems have faded into the past while others are still around and enjoy a wide following. Among them, the parapsychological sciences of astrology and palmistry, the reading of the Tarot cards and on The I Ching oracle and by far the most widely available today for people who feel they must know what lies in store for them.

Nor are the clients of the parapsychological practitioners limited to the ignorant or the superstitious.

As president of the United States, Franklin Delano Roosevelt consulted psychic seer Jeanne Dixon in late 1944. The president wanted her to tell him how much longer he would live. Dixon, at the time America's most famous psychic reader, broke her lifelong rule of never answering that question. The president explained to her the importance of this knowledge to himself and to his "mission for mankind."

Dixon told FDR that he would not live more than another six months. He died just five months and one week later.

On the other side of the Atlantic during World War II the British War Office maintained the services of a full-time astrologist not so much to tell them what the stars said about themselves, but to keep them informed on a daily basis about what the astrologists employed by Hitler, Mussolini, Goebbels and Goering would be telling them.

Never, perhaps, have so many people read the horoscopes of others, and both *The Times* of London and a number of prestigious American newspapers carried the horoscopes of Hitler, Roosevelt and Churchill and of leading Axis and Allied generals as a weekly column.

Today in Israel it is estimated that more than 50 per cent of the adult population have at one time or another consulted a practitioner of one of these parapsychological sciences. A not insignificant number do so on a regular basis, and one psychic in the Tel Aviv area showed me her VAT receipt book. It was full of receipts issued to some of Israel's largest and most important corporations, which use her services as a graphologist, as a psychometrics tester, and on occasion, as a seer.

One astrologist I visited for the purposes of this article was recommended to me by a man who served in the two last Labour cabinets.

ASTROLOGY is considered to be probably the oldest of the parapsychological sciences; it has been practised without interruption since the system was first worked out by the Babylonians about 4,000 years ago. Without the aid of telescopes, but blessed with the boundless summer skies of the Middle East, the ancients mapped the heavens and developed a clear and logical picture of the movement of the heavenly bodies. At about the same time, a theory was developed based

on the presumption that the stars had certain inherent characteristics, and that these characteristics exerted an influence on a person at the moment of birth. The course of a life, seen through astrology, was "written in the stars." The English language clearly shows the popularity of this belief in such expressions as "born under a lucky star," "an ill-starred event" or "star-crossed lovers."

This type of conventional astrology formed the basis of the science for more than 2,000 years, and believers in the system accepted the absolute destiny predicted by the stars. But a development of a somewhat more behavioural sort gradually evolved, and this is the type of astrology practised in Israel and indeed, in most Western countries.

Ruth Elie, a Tel Aviv astrologist, explained the basis of behavioural astrology. While maintaining that the stars exert a general influence over one at the moment of birth, and that both one's characteristics and the general situations of one's life may be thereby predicted, she feels that "there are, in any given situation, a number of varying possibilities, and that the choices one makes have a direct effect on the course of one's life." Man becomes, so to speak, an active participant in his own fate through his choices.

Elie, who taught a good many of Israel's practising astrologists, also spoke of the "micro method" of astrological prediction, called "horary." This method consists in casting the horoscope of a particular question or a specific event in the life of a person. The event is presumed to have been born at the moment it occurred, such as the moment of signing a contract for the opening of a business or the declaration of independence by a state, and a question is "born" at the moment it is asked. Elie claims that this method can give amazingly accurate predictions.

HOWEVER, she says, an astrologist's success depends to a great extent on the ability to translate symbols into coherent thought and to express them in a way that is meaningful to the client. She also points out that human suggestibility being what it is, a responsible astrologist will not make exact predictions of events where a person is likely to respond to suggestion by forcing the event to happen.

"When the planet Uranus moves into a position to exert an influence on a person," she says, "my experience convinces me that Uranus hates routine and that changes always take place — drastic changes. But whether these changes will mean something in the personal, the social or the professional life of the person involved depends on many factors and the decisions of that person can be crucial here."

Although most readers of the Israeli popular press follow, in an often sceptical way, the monthly predictions of astrologers, many people want a real horoscope. These personal horoscopes can take as much as a week to cast, taking into account the hour, day, month and year of birth, the latitude and longitude of the natal site and possibly even the question of whether daylight saving time was in effect at that particular area on that date. The client, having provided the pertinent details, has nothing else to do until the horoscope is completed. (Nothing, that is, but pay for the service, and this payment may range from about 151,000 to as much as 1525,000, depending on the



Photo: Karen Bader

FORTUNATE FEW

Is the answer in the cards? In the stars? Can it be seen in the palm of someone's hand? At a time when almost everyone is looking for an authoritative soothsayer, The Post's D'VORA BEN SHAUL visits some Israelis who specialize in foreseeing the future.

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem
APPLES OF GOLD — Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (Larumme, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; King David, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English by Jeremy Hymn, Dawn Nadel, Isaac Weinstein, directed by Michael Schneider (Hilton, tonight at 9.30 p.m.; King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

GETTING DOWN ON THE YEAR — Special satirical programme for the New Year. With Tuvia Tzafir, Rivka Michaeli, Yori Hen, Meir Shalev and Motti Kirschenbaum. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

GOLDEN GUITAR — Shmuel Aharon plays a classical and flamenco pieces tomorrow and Tuesday. Haim Barak plays classical, jazz and Israeli folk pieces on Wednesday and Thursday. (Zorba the Buddha, 9 Yot Salomon, at 8 p.m.)

ISRAELI FOLKLORE — Taste of Israel dancers. Pina Tzafir, Tzafir dancers. (International Cultural Centre for Youth, 12 Emeq Refaim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — Fred Weibull, piano, Eric Heller, bass. Saul Glickstone, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nahlat Rd., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

JEWISH AND ARAB FOLKLORE — Tzafir folk dancers, folk singers, Khalifa drummers. (YMCA, Monday at 9 p.m.)

PANTOMIME — By Anne Rhodes of the Mischief Mime Company in New York. 8-10 short pieces, mostly humorous, arising from

contemporary issues. (Tzavta, 38 King George Street, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area
THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — (Hilton, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

DANNY BEN-ISRAEL — Songs we loved (Astoria Hotel, postbox, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

GENTLEMEN, THE HYSTERIA RETURNS — By Motti Giladi. Entertainment programme with acting, dancing and singing. (Beit Hahayal, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.; Sunday, Monday and Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ EVENING — With Atalia Paniel, vocalist; Amikam Kimelman, saxophone; H. Kuchtan, piano; A. Rumi, bass; and others. (Hadamah, Old Jaffa, 8 Mazar Dugim, tonight at midnight)

JAZZ EVENING — With From The Other Side group — Michael Greenblatt, piano; Simon Sternberg, saxophone and flute; Eli Dornel, bass; Evron Polakoff, drums. (Hadamah, Thursday at midnight)

Other Towns
CAFE CONCERTO — Light classical music by various performers daily. (Sharon Hotel, Herzliya, lobby, today at 4 p.m. — 6 p.m.; Tuesday 5 p.m. — 7.30 p.m.; all other days 5 p.m. — 7 p.m.)

GENTLEMEN, THE HYSTERIA RETURNS — (Kiryat Haim, Beit H'aim, Thursday at 10 p.m.)

FOR CHILDREN

Jerusalem
AN ADVENTURE IN JERUSALEM — Puppet theatre for all ages by Michael Schuster. About the search for the holy water of peace in Jerusalem. (Train Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO — Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday and Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

SNOW WHITE AND THE 7 DWARFS — (Puppet theatre for ages 3-8.) (Train Theatre, Monday at 4.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area
FAMILY FUN — Including tricks by chimpanzees, dolphins, and sea lions, puppet theatre, clowns, cartoons and more. (Dolphinarium, Charles Chere Park, today at 10 a.m. and 12 p.m.; other days at 10 a.m., 12 p.m. and 5 p.m.)

PANTOMIME — With Yoram Boker and his group. (Beit Lewin, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

PRETTY BUTTERFLY — Songs and games from the television programme. (Hadamah, Old Jaffa, 8 Mazar Dugim, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

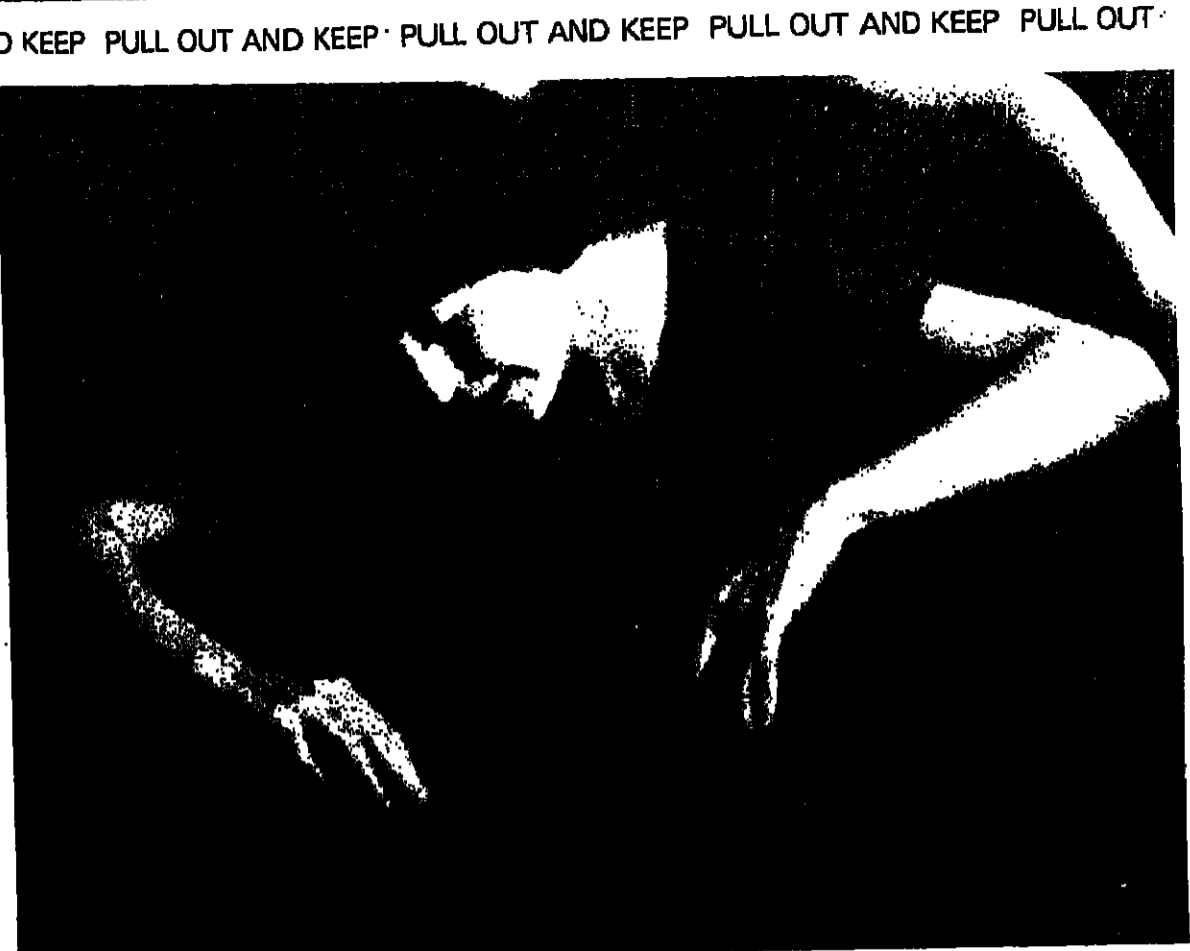
WALKING TOURS

Jerusalem through the Ages
 Sunday and Tuesday 9.30 a.m. and Thursday at 2 p.m. — The Citadel, Jewish Quarter, Old Yishuv, Court Museum, reconstructed Sephardi Synagogue, Western Wall.
 Sunday at 2 p.m. — Sites of special Christian interest.
 Monday at 9.30 a.m. — The Canaanite and Israelite period in Jerusalem.
 Monday at 2 p.m. — The Jewish Quarter and Mt. Zion.
 Wednesday at 9.30 a.m. — The Greek and Roman Period in Jerusalem.
 Thursday at 9.30 a.m. — The Mt. of Olives in Jewish, Christian and Moslem belief.
 Tours start from Citadel Courtyard next to Jaffa Gate and last 3-5 hours. Tickets may be purchased on the spot. All tours are guided in English.
 Daily at 9 a.m., 11.30 a.m., 2 p.m. — Jewish Quarter archaeological and historical tour. Meet at Cards Information Booth, Jewish Quarter.

TODAY'S LESSON **Safe Drivers**

Save School Children's Lives!

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1983



Anne Rhodes, of the Mischief Mime Company in America, in a solo performance at Tzavta, Jerusalem on Sunday.

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem
ICARUS — Puppet theatre based on the story by Gabriel Garcia Marquez, about a mythological dream. (Train Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

IDENTITY CARD — Directed by Tzvi Tzafir. About the life story of Israeli singer Avi Tzeddem. (Gerard Behar, Bezalel Street, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

THROUGH 5 WINDOWS — Theatre collage by the Creative Theatre (in English). (International Cultural Centre for Youth, 12 Emeq Refaim, tomorrow and Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area
THE CONFESSION — Extract from a work by Dostoevsky. (Hadamah, Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.)

CRAZY SPOILING — By Emil Ajar. Translated and directed by Nika Nika. The ramblings of a man alone in Paris. (Hadamah, Old Jaffa, 8 Mazar Dugim, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.; Thursday at 10 p.m.)

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF — Musical directed by Tzvi Tzafir. (Hadamah, Large Hall, tonight and tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.; Sunday and Monday at 4.45 p.m. and 8.45 p.m.)

THE IDIOT — By the Lith Theatre. (Camari Theatre, tonight, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.; tomorrow at 7 p.m. and 9.30 p.m.)

THE IVAR CONNECTION — By Yehonatan Giffen. Directed by Haim Weingarten. (Beit Lewin, tonight at 9.30 p.m.; tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.; Monday at 9 p.m.)

LATE DIVORCE — By A.B. Yehoshua. Yavul-Neve Zedek Theatre production. (Neve Zedek Theatre, tonight and Thursday at 10 p.m.; tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

L.S. DIONYSOS — Written and presented by Nika Nika. (Hadamah, Monday at 9.30 p.m.)

MUTINY — Based on the story by Yehoshua Sobol. Directed by Nika Nika. About the big sailors' 1951 strike for democratic representation. (Beit Lewin, Sunday and Thursday at 9 p.m.)

PILOTS — Events in the lives of pilots after the occurrence of a dramatic event. A Neve Zedek production. Directed by Yosi Hadar. (Neve Zedek Theatre, Monday and Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

THE SANDCLOCK — THE ADVENTURES OF NOAH — By Nika Nika. Directed by Nika Nika. Visualisation and masks by Anna Tz'ze. Presented by the Street Theatre of the Municipality of Tel Aviv-Jaffa. (Jaffa, Kikar Kolumbi, tomorrow and Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

SMALL INVASIONS — Comedy directed by Nika Nika. (Hadamah, Old Jaffa, tonight at 10 p.m.)

TROJAN WOMEN — Hadamah production. (Hadamah, Small Hall, tomorrow, with simultaneous English translation, and Sunday)

Other towns
KING LEAR — Directed by Dina Tcherenkov. Performed by the Beersheva Municipal Theatre. (Beersheva, Beit H'aim, Monday and Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

MUTINY — (Hadera, Tzavta, tonight at 9.30 p.m.)

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem
HARP RECITAL — By Grace Wong of America, in a solo recital. Programme: Giovanni B. Rossini: Sonata in C Minor; George Rochberg: Utopia (Pictures of the Floating World); Ami Mayumi: Sonata for Harp; Benjamin Britten: Suite for Harp, Op. 83; Gunther Schuller: Fantasy for Solo Harp; Carlos Saez: Variations on a Theme in Old Style. (Tel Aviv Museum, 27 Shaul Hamelech, tomorrow.)

For last-minute changes in programmes of times of performances, please contact box office.

Material for publication must be at The Jerusalem Post offices in Jerusalem (in writing) on the Sunday morning of the week of publication.

FILMS IN BRIEF

ANNIE — The comic serial about the little orphan who conquers the heart of a hard-boiled millionaire and introduces some horse sense and kindness in his world, has become first a stage musical and now a movie musical, losing most of its ingenuity in the process, and replacing it with the glamour and cuteness of old Hollywood.

ANOTHER WAY — Hungarian film based on a novel of 34 years ago which was rumoured to be autobiographical. About a woman who is a journalist and a lesbian. Directed by Karoly Makk, the film has two levels — the personal, and the fight against Big Brother. Given where it is made, this film is almost revolutionary, and doesn't refer only to the past.

BLUE THUNDER — John Badham's film about a helicopter prepared as a tool by American right-wing government extremists against eventual terrorist activities at the 1984 Olympic Games in Los Angeles. Sleek, professional, amusing and entertaining, it portrays the struggle between good (played by Roy Scheider), and evil (played by Malcolm McDowell).

CANNERY ROW — A kind of mythical glorification of the simpler aspects of life by director Simon S. Ward. Beautiful camerawork by Sven Nykvist.

CAT PEOPLE — Paul Schrader's remake of a classic horror film which became notorious as "the first monster movie without monsters" falls because it is far too literal.

CHRISTIANE F. — Udo Kier Edle reconstructs the true story of a 13-year-old girl's journey from normal childhood to drug addiction and child prostitution.

DODESKADEN — Akira Kurosawa's 13-year-old movie seems to be a strange combination of Orkney's "Lower Depths" and de Sica's "Miracle in Milan," sprinkled with a strong dose of his own profound pessimism. The theme: life itself is unbearable and bliss is only to be found in an escape from reality. A most carefully orchestrated film.

FINALS — A puppy-love yarn based on a book by best-selling youth market novelist Galina Ron-Feder.

FLYING HIGH — THE SEQUEL — The rebirth of Flying High 1 results in an interminable stream of one-line jokes, some of them amusing, but most of them flat.

FRANCES — The real-life story of actress Frances Farmer set in Hollywood of the '30s. Farmer is depicted as an individual who is crushed by an industry for conformists. Excellent acting by Jessica Lange in the title role.

FUN — This Israeli film is anything but — it's just another inconsequential high-school romp.

M.A.S.H. — The now classic film about American G.I.s in the Korean War. Some hilarious scenes. Elliot Gould, Donald Sutherland and an excellent cast give fine performances.

MIDNIGHT EXPRESS — A young American, caught trying to smuggle hashish out of Turkey, is sentenced to 30 years imprisonment. His experiences with a barbaric

(Continued on page C)

مكتبة الأصيل

JERUSALEM Cinemas

No showings Wed. & Thur. evening
Rosh Hashana

CINEMA 1 בן יוסף

in Jerusalem Cinema

Buses 18, 19, 24, Tel. 415067
1st, Sept. 2
Double feature ticket:
The Warriors 2.30
James Bond's "Dr. No" 4.15
Sat., Sept. 3
Airplane Flying High 7.30
The Verdict 9.15
Sun., Sept. 4
Double feature ticket:
The Warriors 2.30
James Bond's "Dr. No" 4.15
Mon., Sept. 5
Airplane Flying High 7.30
The Verdict 9.15
Tue., Sept. 6
The Verdict 6.45, 9.15
Wed., Sept. 7
Midnight Cowboy 2.30

EDEN

REVENGE

Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

EDISON

10th week
James Bond 007

OCTOPUSSY

Saturday 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 1.45, 6.30, 9

HABIRAH

2nd week

HERCULES

Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ISRAEL MUSEUM

Sun., Mon. 3.30

MUPPETS IN HOLLYWOOD

Tue. 6, 8.30
FitzCarraldo

KFIR

CAT PEOPLE

Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

MITCHELL

BREATHLESS

Sat. and weekdays 7, 9.15

ORGIL

DODES KA-DEN

Sat. 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

ORION

Tel. 222914

MIDNIGHT EXPRESS

Sat. 6.45, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.30, 9
Adults only

ORNA

Tel. 224733

2nd week

THE NEW BARBARIANS

Sat. and weekdays 7, 9

FUN

4 p.m.

RON

LOOKER

Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

SEMADAR

14th week

FRANCES

Jessica Lange
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9.30

SMALL AUDITORIUM BINYENEI HA'UMA

MRS. MARPLE

Sat. and weekdays 7, 9

TEL AVIV Cinemas

No showings Wed. and Thur. evening Rosh Hashana

ALLENBY

2nd week

THE LONG GOOD FRIDAY

Tonight 10: Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.20, 7.15, 9.30

BEN YEHUDA

3rd week

DIE FLAMBIERTE FRAU

Friday 10, 12.15
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7.30, 9.30

Weekdays 5.30
Kuni Lemel in Cairo

BETH HATEFUTSOH JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE

2nd week
Sun., Thur. 5, 8.30;
Tue. 5, 8.30; Wed. 8.30

TELL ME A RIDDLE

IBZ

CHEN CINEMA CENTRE

Advance ticket sales only at box office from 10 a.m.

CHEN 1

1st week

BLUE THUNDER

* ROY SCHEIDT
* WARREN DATES
* CANDY CLARK
Tonight 9.30, 12.10; Sat. 7, 9.30
Sun., Mon., Tue. 4.30, 7, 9.30

CHEN 2

5th week

AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN

Today 10, 1.30, 4.45, 12.10
Sat. 7, 9.40
Wed. 10.30 a.m.
Sun., Mon., Tue. 4.30

CHEN 3

17th week

SOPHIE'S CHOICE

Tonight 10
Sat. 6.30, 9.30
Weekdays 6.30, 9.30

CHEN 4

5th week

CANNERY ROW

* DEBRA WINGER
* NICK NOBLE
Tonight 9.30, 12.15
Sat. 7.05, 9.35
Sun., Mon., Tue. 10.30, 1.30, 7.05, 9.35

CHEN 5

8th week

THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER

Today 10.30, 1.30, 4.45, 12.15
Sat. 7.15, 9.35
Sun., Mon., Tue. 10.30, 1.30, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30; Wed. 10.30 a.m.

CINEMA ONE HIGH RISK

Tonight 10
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

DEKEL

MIDNIGHT EXPRESS

Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

DRIVE-IN

Tonight 10
Sat., Sun., Mon., Tue. 9.30

M.A.S.H.

Tonight 12.15
Sat., Sun., Mon., Tue. 12.15
midnight

DEEP THROAT

Sat. Sun., Mon., Tue. 7.15

ANNIE

ESTHER

Tel. 225610

LAST PLANE OUT

4.30, 7.15, 9.30

GAT

3rd week
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

THE DARK CRYSTAL

Another world, another time...
in the age of wonders

LEV I

Diamond Center
2nd week
Tel. 28866

the year of LIVING DANGEROUSLY

Fri. 10, Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 2, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

LEV II

Diamond Center
13th week
Tel. 28866

FINALS

Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

HOD

2nd week

BREATHLESS

Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

RICHARD GERE in

BREATHLESS

Fri. 10, Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

PARIS

2nd week

TIME BANDITS

Sat. and weekdays 7, 9.30

4th week

BOY TAKES GIRL

Today 10 a.m., 12 noon
Weekdays 2, 4
Fri. 10, midnight
THE GRADUATE

SHAHAF

9th week

RETURN OF THE JEDI (Star Wars)

Sat. 1.45, 4.45
Weekdays 4, 7, 9.30

PEER

3rd week
A new Polish film

VA BANQUE

Ben Yehuda 87, Tel. 244373
3rd week

ANOTHER WAY

Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 5.15, 7.30, 9.30
English subtitles

Another way is almost a revolutionary movie. Intelligent and sensitive. Dan Fainaru "Golden Palm" best actress, and International Critics Prize, Cannes, 1982

Mulines at 4
THE SECRET OF NIMH

Directed by Julius Michalski
Brilliant film of the year!
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

STUDIO

5th week

TABLE FOR FIVE

* JON VOIGHT
* RICHARD CRENNA
* MARIE-CHRISTINE BARRAUD
Tonight 10, Sat. 7, 9.30
Thur. 10 p.m.

TCHETET

8th week

FRANCES

Sat. and weekdays 6.30, 9.30

WOHL AMPHITHEATRE HAYARKON PARK

4th week

SPLIT IMAGE

* MICHAEL O'KEEFE
* KAREN ALLEN
* PETER FONDA
* JAMES WOODS
Sat., Sun., Mon., Tue. 7.30, 9.30, 11.30

TEL AVIV

10th week
James Bond 007

OCTOPUSSY

Tonight 4.45 Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9.30

TEL AVIV MUSEUM

9th week

YOL

Winners of "Golden Palm" Cannes, 1982
Film by Yilmaz Guney
Sat. 6.30, 7.15
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TZAVTA

30 Ibn Gvirol, Tel. 250156
17th week
Tonight, Sat. and weekdays 10
11th FIM "FIFTY THREE"

ZAFON

8th week

PAULINE A LA PLAG

English subtitles
Tonight 10; weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

HAIFA Cinemas

AMANI

DINER

6.45, 9

AMPHITHEATRE

COOGAN THE INVINCIBLE

* NICK NOBLE
4, 6.45, 9

ARMON

FLYING HIGH (The Sequel)

4, 6.45, 9

ATZMAON

8th week

LE RETOUR DES PEBIDAFFES

Sat. 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

CHEN

2nd week

KUNI LEMEL IN CAIRO

Sat. 6.45, weekdays 4

AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN

Sat. 9; Weekdays 7, 9

GALOR

10, 2.6

BRUCE AND THE BRONZE MAN

12, 4.8

THIS MAN CANNOT DIE

MORIAH

9th week

RETURN OF THE JEDI

6.30, 9

ORAH

BLUE THUNDER

4, 6.30, 9

ORION

SEX KITTEN

6 nonstop performances
Adults only

ORLY

OCTOPUSSY

6.45, 9

PEER

STILL OF THE NIGHT

4, 6.45, 9

RON

2nd week

BOY TAKES GIRL

4

* LOU FRIGANO ("Mr. World") in

HERCULES

SHAVIT

2nd week

PIXOTE

6.45, 9

RAMAT GAN

9th week

RETURN OF THE JEDI

("Star Wars")
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9.30

HERZLIYA Cinemas

DAVID

4th week

AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN

7, 9.30

TIFERET

2nd week
4, 7.15, 9.15

THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER

RAMAT GAN Cinemas

ARMON

5th week

BLUE THUNDER

Tonight 10; Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9.30

LILY

2nd week
Fri. 10 p.m., Sat. 7.15, 9.30

BREATHLESS

OASIS

THE STING II

Tonight 10; Sat. & weekdays 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4:
THE CRAZY ADVENTURE OF LEN AND COBY

ORDEA

LE CHOC

* ALAIN DELON
* CATHERINE DENEUVE
7.15, 9.30

RAMAT HASHARON Cinemas

* STAR

Tonight 9.30, 11.45, Sat. 1.30
TAXI DRIVER
Sat. 11 a.m., Sun. 4.30, Tue. 7, 9
PLANET OF THE APES
Sat. 7
COAST TO COAST RACE
Weekdays at 9.30 (exc. Tue.)
NIGHT OF SAN LORENZO

FILMS IN BRIEF

(Continued from page A)

system of "justice" and a grotesque prison system form the basis for this shocking and important film. Excellent acting by Brad Davis, John Hurt and others.

THE NIGHT OF SAN LORENZO — A powerful political rendition of a World War Two episode describing the exodus of half the population in a small Italian town, shortly before their deliverance by the American Forces. A strong reminder by directors Paolo and Vittorio Taviani that history repeats itself.

AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN — A street urchin with strong character proves he can endure all the hardships of the course for navy pilots and becomes an officer. Traditional melodrama, well made and well acted.

PAULINE A LA PLAG — Immensely enjoyable French New Wave film by Eric Rohmer, about a teenage girl and a relative who spend time in the family villa in a small seaside resort in Normandy. The story appears to be a romp of no consequence, but Rohmer is perceptive about some basic human behavioral pattern. Excellent filmwork and dialogue.

PIXOTE — An uncompromising, harsh portrayal of the vicious circle of poverty and its disastrous effects on young people. Brazilian director Babenco extracts highly convincing performances from his cast of kids, who share in real life the destinies of his film heroes.

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK — This George Lucas-Steven Spielberg venture creates magic out of sheer energy. A glorious, unabashed piece of entertainment.

THE RETURN OF THE JEDI — A world of monovillainous morons who can control the cleverest machines is what director Richard Marquand's film is all about. The script by Lawrence Kasdan and George Lucas makes a children's fairy tale look terribly sophisticated in comparison.

SOPHIE'S CHOICE — Pakula's film not only doesn't add any new dimensions to William Styron's novel, but also diminishes its impact by putting terrifying conceptions that should be beyond anyone's imagination into clear pictorial images.

TAXI DRIVER — Frustration and loneliness lead to violence, as a psychopath-in-al driver (Robert De Niro) becomes a murderer. Directed by Martin Scorsese. Screenplay by Paul Schrader.

TOOTSIE — Michael Dorsey (Dustin Hoffman) puts on a woman's dress, a wig and a pair of high-heeled shoes — and succeeds in getting the part of a middle-aged female hospital administrator in TV soap. A most enjoyable comedy — possibly the best thing that ever happened to director Sydney Pollack.

AN UNMARRIED WOMAN — A serious and compassionate look at divorce as it affects everyone concerned — mostly from the woman's point of view. Against a background of art and the fashionable side of New York, Erica optimistically finds herself and new horizons. Good performances.

THE VERDICT — Everyone who has ever rooted for the little man's struggle to overcome not only corruption, but the big machine defending it, is going to come up smiling from Sidney Lumet's latest film.

THE WARRIORS — A film about violence in which there is very little real violence. Excellent acting and highly competent directing.

YOL — 5 jailed Turkish men are given a week's furlough. Through their stories, we get to see Turkey and her people. Excellent filming and some incredible performances make this a film no true film buff would want to miss.

Some of the films listed are restricted to adult audiences. Please check with the cinema.

SPOKEN ARABIC

(for Hebrew Speakers)

EVERYDAY LANGUAGE IN A VACATION ATMOSPHERE

At Ulpán Akiva, Netanya

At the Ulpán Residence, Green Beach Hotel
Tennis, Swimming Pool, Beach

JOINT LEARNING EXPERIENCE FOR YOU, YOUR FRIENDS, FAMILY AND CHILDREN

Aged 12 and up

- * Intensive studies on a residential basis.
- * Social and Cultural Arabic atmosphere.
- * Tours and visits to Arab or Druze villages.
- * Introduction to the region.
- * Joint studies with Arab and Druze students learning Hebrew.
- * Study community; meetings with students from all over the world.

PROGRAMMES:

1. BEGINNERS — 17 DAYS
Spoken Arabic, everyday language; first steps in reading and writing.

2. ADVANCED — ULPAN AKIVA GRADUATES AND OTHERS — 17 DAYS
Spoken Arabic, first steps in newspaper reading, listening to the radio and television.

3. "JUST A TASTE OF ARABIC" — 5 DAYS FOR BEGINNERS AND ADVANCED (this course will not be held in the summer months).

OPENING DATES: Sept. 19, Oct. 17, Nov. 14, 1983
The programme for all courses includes guided watching of the (video) TV programme "Salem U'Alam."

CIVIL SERVANTS ACCEPTED ON ALL COURSES for ARABIC and HEBREW, in the framework of the combined programme: "HEBREW-ARABIC AS A SOCIAL MEETING POINT AND DIALOGUE"

Registration through your education officer.

Netanya residents are accepted as external students. Reductions granted in special cases.

For details, please telephone or send this coupon to:
Ulpán Akiva, P.O.B. 266, 42102, Netanya. Tel. 053-52312/3

Name Address

ARABIC — LANGUAGE OF ENCOUNTER AND MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING

MOADON HA'OLEH

9 Alkalai, Jerusalem, Tel. 633718

We are pleased to announce that courses at the ulpanit will open on the announced date (September 1) and that courses on all levels will be given. Registration during morning and afternoon hours at Moadon Ha'oleh.

We wish all students, teachers and employees a happy New Year — a year of fruitful, enjoyable studies.

KEEP ISRAEL BEAUTIFUL!

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1983

WERE IT NOT for the fact that Rosh Hashana is approaching, I probably would not have gone back to Hahoma, restaurant on Rehov Hayehudim, at the entrance to the Jewish Quarter of Jerusalem's Old City.

In fact, I had tried Hahoma several years ago, shortly after it opened, and found the menu and service pretentious, and the food decidedly mediocre. It was then that I recalled the adage that the more picturesque the site, the less one is likely to get a good meal. Since that time, the management has changed and I have received a number of appeals to eat there once again.

I was wary, but the advent of the High Holiday season made me feel that now would be a good time to see what is being offered to those in search of a kosher meal in the Old City.

The decor, which I remembered as somewhat stylized, has become eclectic. Virtually every surface is littered with bric-a-brac, objects d'art and *arte zachen*. Side by side with a Moroccan tea service is a pyrex vacuum coffee pot.

I was reminded of the comment some years ago by an elderly Sephardi acquaintance to the effect that the Ashkenazim had taken all the cooking ware from the Sephardi kitchen to put in their own salon. Except that here the restaurant was clearly Moroccan and the coffee pot very Western.

THE MENU is extensive and varied and it was with some difficulty that I made a choice. But I could not resist an item listed as "ecoute Hahoma." It consisted of two very small ramekins filled with a mixture

Under new management



of fish, olive oil, chopped almonds and hot pepper eaten with a spoon. I don't know if the description really does it justice because it was absolutely delicious, albeit for someone who likes hot food.

My companion began her meal with a bowl of marrow soup and also pronounced it delicious. The broth was rich and tasty, with several plum pieces of bone marrow floating on top. She offered me a piece and I ate it in the way I like

MATTERS OF TASTE Haim Shapiro

best, on a piece of roll with just a sprinkle of salt. And speaking of rolls, they were also quite good. I didn't even forgo, as I usually do, the well-seasoned margarine served in a little pot, which was a cut above average.

For the main course I ordered cous-cous, only to be disappointed, especially after the magnificent opening of the meal: The meat — beef, not lamb — was rather tough and the vegetables sparse, consisting of a potato, a squash and a piece of pumpkin squash. As for the broth, I had assumed that it would be similar to that served earlier. Instead, it tasted very strongly of soup powder. This is a pity, as the rest of the meal was very good.

For example, my companion ordered osso buco, and the very generous piece of veal, encasing the cross-cut shin bone which gives the dish its name was stewed to perfection in a mélange of vegetables.

With the main course we also received baked potatoes, roasted pumpkin squash and a selection of Moroccan salads that I would have appreciated more at the beginning of the meal.

WE WASHED all this down with a bottle of Carmel Sauvignon which, I felt, could have been chilled a bit more. Among the items decorating the restaurant was a wine bucket, which stood empty while our bottle warmed itself on the table.

Nor was that the only item of decoration that could have been put to good use. Next to our table were a series of Moroccan teapots, while we drank our mint tea from ordinary cups with a tea bag at the bottom. On the other hand, I have no complaint whatsoever about the selection of little Moroccan cakes served with the tea, a symphony of almonds, rose water and honey clearly made by an expert.

The bill, including a service charge, came to IS3,195.

I must say that though I had my complaints (at that price it would be unusual if I did not), I feel that this is a restaurant to which one might easily take visitors without fear of being embarrassed.

I should also mention that the service was very quick, helpful and pleasant. Though we came in quite late and were, towards the end of the meal, the only diners, we were never made to feel that we were being hurried.

Simon & Garfunkel: smash single



Paul Simon on one of his earlier Israel appearances; this time he's bringing a friend.

NOW THAT WE'VE just about managed to get our wind back after the sizzling performance of Rod Stewart and the scintillating jazz festival which followed, we must take a deep breath and prepare to plunge again. Simon and Garfunkel are due September 24 for one single performance at the Ramat Gan Stadium. You still have three weeks, but it'll take at least that much time to madly scramble for tickets.

Until then, we can relax with some nice mellow stuff.

All those unlucky ones who missed the Rod Stewart show can console themselves with his latest album, *Body Wishes*, put out by the General Music Company for the occasion. A bit disappointing after the real thing, but Stewart's fans won't mind, I'm sure.

Then we have Marvin Gaye's *Midnight Love* (CBS) bringing us funk at its very best. More accessible than his previous, rather "metaphysical" album, Gaye is none the less as uncompromising as ever in his style.

The romantic jazz-funk of George Benson's *In Your Eyes* (General Music Co.) may be too sentimental and mellow for some, but Benson is in top form, perfecting his already polished style. His warm, vibrant voice is lovely to listen to, even though his style doesn't seem to change from one album to the next.

NEW ON THE local scene is Laura Branigan, whose dramatic, full voice coupled with lavish orchestration seems a fool-proof formula for chart hits. Her album *Branigan 2*

ROCK, ETC.
Michal Yudelman

(General Music Co.) includes the hit "Gloria," and is filled with super romantic, heart-throbbing numbers. A bit too commercial for my taste, but Branigan's voice is overflowing

with potential and I'm waiting to hear more from her.

Are you ready for the country? Because three recently released country music albums are bound to please lovers of this genre on almost every point of the spectrum. The first is an album by the most famous country music outlaw, Waylon Jennings, called *It's Only Rock 'n Roll* (Eaststar). Don't worry — apart from the opening title track and one or two others, it's still country. Jennings' country, that is. It ends in a celebration of country via, titled "A Medley of Hits," from "I'm a Rambler" Man" to "Ladies Love Outlaws."

NEXT IN LINE is another outlaw, Willie Nelson, whose ballads are as sweet as his voice is gravelly. In *Tougher Than Leather* (CBS) this tough rebel in headband and pressed T-shirt proves once again that he has found his ideal audience — so why change? Beautiful songs like "My Love for the Rose," "The Convict and the Rose" and others provide the melancholy, romantic touch contrasting with a tough image to create his special appeal.

And if you're a traditional country music lover, you'll go for Ronnie Milsap (Eaststar), who's still bleating out that stuff. The album includes the hit "Stranger in My House."

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(L. to r.) Yassin Shoaf, Hemda Levy and Shlomo Tarshish in "Hamtin"; Fanny Ardant (right) in Truffaut's "Vivement Dimanche"; Lacarno's Piazza Grande; Carlos Saura's "Carmen."

IT IS A PLEASURE to report, for once, that an Israeli film has won an award at an international film festival.

True, it was not in Cannes, nor in West Berlin, nor in Venice. But were Israeli filmmakers and distributors shrewd enough, they would have realized long ago that events such as these are out of their league. They can't match the top world product on either a financial or a professional level, and they don't as yet possess the outstanding talents that would compensate for all the other qualities they lack. No wonder, then, that their presence is hardly noticed at the major festivals.

Still, sheer stubbornness drives them back, time after time. When they are not accepted, as so often happens, they doggedly put themselves on the Cannes market and feel, very self-righteously, that they have done their job. Meanwhile, they ignore all other international events, considering them beneath the exalted standards they have set themselves.

It was only by accident that Daniel Wachsmann's *Hamtin* went to Locarno. Sent at the last moment, it was immediately accepted by a surprised admissions committee, which had some difficulty believing that the Israeli establishment had largely financed this film. The jury subsequently gave the film a Silver Leopard for the courage and sensitivity with which it dealt with a problem everybody outside Israel imagines is taboo with us.

In other words, the award was not only a compliment to the film itself, but also to the regime, which allowed it to be made.

When was the last time an Israeli film won an award of any sort at an established international festival?

LOCARNO may not be a mammoth film fair and it may not attract the fanciest product, but this precisely should be its main appeal for young, lesser-known and more modest cinema industries such as ours. A typical Italian festival report, one of those charming little towns on Lake Maggiore that manage to successfully combine Italian charm with Swiss organization, Locarno has all the assets for an event of this sort.

The layout is very Italian, life centring around the big central square, the Piazza Grande, which extends at one end up to the border of the lake. Even the food is reminiscent of Northern Italy, with polenta, risotto and other regional specialties.

During the main business here, it is lively and not by accident. The Swiss work hard. They do not simply rely on the renown brought by famous artists such as Paul Klee or

Maggiore achievement

CINEMA
Dan Fainaru

Hans Richter, but keep on looking for new attractions that will fit the personality of the place. This is how they stumbled upon the idea of a film festival pretty early on, and now, at 36, this is the second oldest festival of its kind, equalled in age only by Venice.

For years, Locarno, unable to spread itself financially in every direction like its richer counterparts, has been looking for the right formula to establish its character, and has set itself some clear goals: the search for new faces, new styles and new countries in the film world. People like Antonioni won their first awards here.

Focusing on unknowns certainly creates problems: crowds are usually drawn by big reputations and Locarno has a hard time supplying them. Until this year, when director David Streiff, in his second year of office, found the solution. All the big, festive night screenings on the Piazza Grande, which was converted into an astonishing cinema for the occasion, were dedicated to highly successful productions, shown out of competition, which had already made a name for themselves in previous international events, but hadn't yet been widely shown.

THUS THE programme could include films such as Nagisa Oshima's *Merry Christmas Mr. Lawrence*, Carlos Saura's *Carmen*, or the Japanese winner at the Cannes Festival, Shohei Imamura's *Ballad of Narayana*, all of them sweeping, powerful, exciting films by experienced and famous directors.

For the opening night, Streiff had the world premiere of François Truffaut's latest tribute to the American B movie, he likes so much, a black-and-white romantic thriller entitled *Vivement Dimanche*. It is a perfect showcase for its female star, Fanny Ardant, who plays a highly spirited amateur detective who saves her beloved boss from a murder rap. The closing event, once again bore Truffaut's name on its credits. *Breathless*, a new American movie by Jim McBride, is a remake of the renowned early New Wave film directed by Godard and based on an idea by Truffaut.

This new version of the love story between a small-time hoodlum and a foreign girl who moves from Paris to Los Angeles, has none of the innovative charm and spark of the original, but the ladies in the Piazza didn't seem to mind. Locarno, as they were all enthralled with the star, Richard Gere, served

up faithfully in his full glory by director McBride, who doesn't overlook any of his physical attributes.

With such a list of evening attractions, no wonder the crowds were happy and in a receptive mood for some variety in the afternoons. Of course, one could argue that this sort of carnival didn't require too much effort to organize, and was anyway too popular for the highbrows and professionals, who had seen most of these films before.

For them, Streiff had prepared what turned out to be the festival's revelation: a retrospective of Japanese director Mikio Naruse, an artist barely known outside his own country.

His name is mentioned from time to time by some of his colleagues (Kurosawa was his assistant in 1937) but the West has never considered him worthy of attention. The retrospective, including 20 of his best-known films (he made 87 altogether in a career that spanned a period starting in the early '30s to 1967) is certainly going to change all that. Specialists from all over the world came just to watch it, and they certainly got their money's worth.

(Except for the movies of the '40s, in which Naruse was subjected to censorship, first by the Imperial censors, and later by the Americans) the chronological screening of the programme allowed the audience to watch the artist developing in front of their eyes, going deeper and deeper into the same subjects, penetrating the nature and problems of the Japanese lower middle classes with a perspicacity and lucidity that are simply amazing.

Naruse incorporates his technique so totally in the film that one forgets all about it. He hardly ever moves his camera, or makes any spectacular use of it. But the professional eye opens wide in admiration at the number of angles he uses to cover each scene, at the precision of his choices, the consistency of his style and scenery and the subtle, imperceptible progress of his plots.

And one doesn't have to be a professional to appreciate the way his melodramas touch upon every aspect of life. Behind what appears to be simple stories, he documents

the destruction of the family nucleus in Japan, focusing on the situation of the Japanese woman, strong-willed and yet oppressed. He allows the tragedies of war, the drama of unemployment, the weight of poverty and the abyss between generations to influence the motivations of his characters, and he never forgets to point at the importance of the postwar economic boom in their lives.

Judging by the response of all those who were present in Locarno, it is safe to assume that we are in for a flood of worldwide Naruse retrospectives, special magazine issues dedicated to his work, and a general re-evaluation of his contribution to the cinema, including his incorporation into the select list of top Japanese directors. For most people until now, this has consisted only of Kurosawa, Mizoguchi and Ozu.

AND THEN THERE was the bulk of the programme, screened in a local high school. Located some 15 minutes' walk out of town, with a regular free bus service for the lazy, the school became a festival centre, comprising two screening theatres, a large and tempting buffet, several TV screening rooms and a library. The films shown there were naturally less glamorous.

There were new Swiss films, reflecting the confusion and disarray of a society that balks at the predictability of its life and the lack of excitement in it and TV features of the kind we know only too well for having seen them in our own homes. These often had remarkable actors and worthwhile subjects, professionally treated, but they were somehow too similar to each other, too much like industrial products for mass consumption, lacking any personality or wish to be different.

Then there was a bunch of films made on a shoestring budget, by ambitious directors who wish to assert themselves, and aren't prepared to make any concessions at all, if possible. They have no money, very little experience, and most of the actors are amateurs, so the results aren't always very good, more like attempts than real achievements.

Of the two Italian movies, one looked like a tribute to the new video age, the other like a tribute to every film director since the New Wave, both very adolescent, to say the least.

One Swiss movie made use of the Freudian-symbolical tradition, and incorporated it in a sort of avant-garde

de movie that was in fashion in the '30s, with romantic notions that wouldn't have been out of place in a woman's magazine.

But the photography in this film was of such stunning quality, one felt like taking out every other frame and hanging it in an art gallery.

There were some impressive achievements too. *The Princess*, a Hungarian offering, gives a shattering, stark image of the life of single working girls in a socialist country today. With his camera virtually sticking its eye down the characters' throats and pitilessly catching their most intimate and painful moments, director Pal Erdoss manages to provide a fiction film that has all the authenticity of a documentary.

Another remarkable item was a film directed by an Iranian exile in the U.S., Parviz Sayyad. *The Mission* is a story of a revolutionary fanatic sent to New York to eliminate an enemy of the people. Once in the field, he discovers that the truth is not always black and white, as he would have liked to believe, and that his superiors are by no means as spotless as they pretend to be. Religious leaders are on the payroll, of the Savak secret service, and these same leaders are now sending their new cohorts to destroy any evidence of their past, for their own personal reasons.

Another film that should be mentioned for its fresh, young and irreverent approach, is the Japanese *Family Game*. The film is ostensibly about the anxieties of parents wishing their offspring to go to the better colleges, in order to gain preference in the job market. But behind this specific problem of Japan in the '80s is an amusing but hard-hitting view of how Japanese parents are being overruled in their own homes, when they do not cede authority of their own free will.

A tutor is invited into a typical family to help a wayward son pass his exams. Soon he is running the whole family, since no one else is prepared to shoulder responsibilities or take the initiative.

Needless to say, neither *Hamtin* nor any of the other films in this sort of competition would have had a break at a bigger festival. Yet they should have, and this is the *raison d'être* of festivals such as Locarno. Israel should pay much more attention to the kind of festival where it at least stands a chance.

One final remark: Locarno, with its big hills in the evening, classics in the morning and new discoveries in between, might be the ideal place for French-speaking film buffs. Add to this the beautiful mountains in the background, the lake at one's feet and all that good food — could anyone ask for more?

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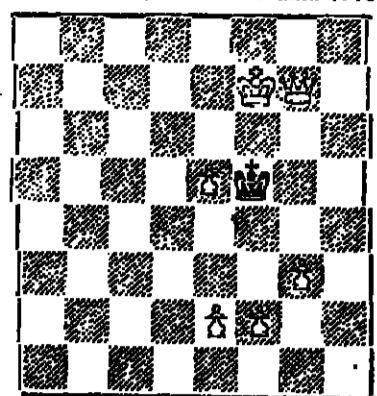
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Bc2! 1.Qc4! Bc2, Kc2 2.Rd3. Qc4.

SOVIETS BOYCOTT

SOVIET grandmasters Garry Kasparov and Vasily Smyslov both stayed away from their semi-final world championship candidates' matches. Kasparov was due to meet Victor Korchnoi in Pasadena, California, while Smyslov was due to play Hungary's Zoltan Ribli in

Ahi Dhab.

The official reason given in an increasingly vitriolic Soviet campaign against the International Chess Federation (FIDE), was that its president, Florencio Campomanes, had ignored the wishes of the players before choosing venues for the games. The Soviet Union also said the security arrangements in Pasadena were inadequate, and that the climate in the Persian Gulf was unsuitable for play.

Both Soviet and Western chess experts in Moscow said the reasoning behind the boycott appeared to be far more complex, but they offered differing interpretations of Soviet motives. Some said they believed the Soviet Chess Federation was out to destroy FIDE and establish a new world organization under its own control. Others suspected a subtle plot aimed at ensuring that Karpov retained the crown for a few more years.

MUREY WINS ASA CHAMPIONSHIP

IM YA'ACOV MUREY won the Tel Aviv University ASA championship, scoring 7½ points out of 9 games. Runner-up was Yair Kraidman, with 7 points, while Israeli champion Yehuda Gruenfeld came in third, with 6½ points. Tied for fourth were Pavel Sternberg, Eliahu Shvidler and Dov Zaltz (the only player to beat Murey), with 5½ points each.

THE UNDER 16 world championship held in Colombia was won by Alexei Darb of the Soviet Union, with 10 points out of 11 games, a full 2½ points ahead of the runner-up, Eduard Rojas of Chile.

VAN DER WIEL WINS AARHUS

GM JOHN VAN DER WIEL of Holland took first place in the Luxline Cup held in Aarhus, Denmark. Van der Wiel's 7½-3½ score put him just ahead of GM Lubomir Ftacnik of Czechoslovakia and FM Klaus Berg of Denmark, who both scored 7-4. Here is a fine miniature from the event.

JAKOBSEN VAN DER WIEL

1.c4 e5 2.g3 g6 3.Bg2 Bg7 4.Nc3 Nc6 5.Nb5 Nf6 6.Ne2 Nf5 7.0-0 b6 8.d4 c4 9.Nd4 Nd4 10.e4 Bd4 11.Bb6 Bc3 12.b3 Bb7 13.c5 Qc7 14.Rc1 Be5 15.Rb1 a6! (15... 0-0!) 16.Bf4 Qc8 17.Rc7!! Black resigns.

VRANJACKA BANJA 1983

THE ANNUAL tournament of Vranjackska Banja in southeast Yugoslavia ended in a multiple tie for first place after a hard fight. At the finish, Marjanovic, Abramovic, Franco and deFirmian emerged at the top with ten points in the 15-round event.

deFIRMIAN MATULOVIC
1.e4 e5 2.Nf3 Nc6 3.d4 c4 4.Nd4 Nf6 5.Nc3 e6 6.Nb5 d6 7.Bf4 e5 8.Bg5 a6 9.Na3 Be6 10.Nc4 Rb8 11.Bf6 g6 12.Bd3 Ne7 13.Nc3 Bb6 14.0-0 Be3 15.f3 Qb6 16.Qf3 h5 17.Nd5 Bd5 18.e5 Rh6 19.Rb1 Qa5! 20.e4 f5 21.a3 Kf8 22.b4? Qb6 23.Kh1 Rc3! 24.e5 Ng8 25.Qe2 Qd4 26.Ra1 Ra3 27.Ba6 Qb6 28.Bd3 Nf6 29.Qd2 Rh8 30.c4 Rb3 31.Qa5!! Ke7 32.c5 Qb4 33.Rb1 Rd8! 34.h3 Rd7? 35.c6 Rd6 36.Rf1 Kd8 37.Qg7 Rb1? 38.Rb1 Qd4 39.Qf8 Ne8 40.Bb5 Qd5 41.Be8. Black resigns.

WORLD OPEN 1983

M. DLUGY J. BANJAMIN
1.d4 Nf6 2.c4 d6 3.Nc3 e5 4.Nf3 e4 5.Ng5 Qe7 6.Qc2 Bf5 7.g4 Bg6 8.Bg2 e3 9.Qa4 c6 10.Bc3 Ng4 11.Bf4 Nf6 12.0-0 h6 13.Nh3 Qd8 14.e4 Be7 15.e5 de5 16.de6 Nf6! 17.Be4 Bf5 18.Rd2? Bg4! 19.Ng1 Qb6 20.Nge2 Nc5 21.Qc2 Nba6! 22.Rg1 Nb4 23.Qb1 Be6 24.b3 Rd8 25.Rd8 Qd8 26.Rd1 Qa5 27.Kb2 Nba6 28.Nd4 0-0 29.Rg1 Kh8 30.a4 Rd8 31.Bh6!! g6 32.Qc1 Bg5! 33.Rg5 hg5 34.Qg5 Qc3! White resigns.

GINSBURG SMALL

1.c4 f5 2.d4 Nf6 3.Nf3 g6 4.g3 Bg7 5.Bg2 0-0 6.Nc3 d6 7.0-0 Nc6 8.d5 Ne5 9.Ne5 de5 10.Qb3 e4 11.Rd1 Kh8 12.e5 Nd7 13.c6 Nc5 14.Qa3 b6

15.Be3 Na6 16.Nb5 Bf6 17.Rd2 e6 18.de6 Qe8 19.Rd7 Rg8 20.Bd4! Bd4 21.Nd4 Nc5 22.Nf5. Black resigns. There is no adequate defence to 23.Qc3.

ART OF ATTACK

White — Kgl: Qc2; Ral, Rd1; Bc1, Bc6; Ne4; Pa2, c4, f2, g2, h3. (12.) Black — Kh8; Qc7; Ra8, Rf8; Bh4, Nh8; Pa7, b6, c6, g7, h6. (12.)

1.Ng5! hg 2.Qg6 Rf6 3.Qh5 Rh6 4.Qe8 Bf8 (4... Kh7 5.Bg8) 5.Qf8 Kh7 6.Bg8 Kg6 (6... Kh8 7.Bf7) 7.Qe8. Black resigns. (Nunn-Fatten-Turk, Lucerne, 1982).

BRILLIANT TOUCH

White — Kbl: Qc2; Rg4, Rh1; Bc4, Bh6; Nc3, Nf3; Pa2, b2, e3, f2, g2, h2. (14.) Black — Kg8; Qa5; Ra8, Rf8; Bc8, Be7; Nd7, Ng7; Pa7, b7, e5, f7, g6, h7. (14.)

1.Rg6! hg 2.Qg6 Bf6 3.Ng5. Black resigns. If 3... Rd8, then 4.Qf7 Kh8 5.Bg7 Bg7 6.Qh5. (Ernandes-Schumacher, Lucerne, 1982).

ENDGAME ARTISTRY

White — Kh3; Rh2. (2.) Black — Kgl; Pb3, d3. (3.) Black to play and draw.

1... Kf1 2.Kg3 (2.Rd2 b2, draw) 2... Ke1! (2... b2? 3.Kf3! Ke1 4.Kc3 Kd1 5.Rb2, and wins) 3.KB3 Kd1! 4.Kc3 d2!! 5.Rd2 Kc1 6.Kd3 h2 7.Rc2 Kbl 8.Kc3 Kal, draw. (Study by A. Mandler, 1950). □

ON THE beautiful campus of the schools at Hadassim near the Ra'anana-Hadera highway, something very special was stirring for 24 days from July 20 to August 12. A dance seminar organized by Matan (Arts and Culture Project for Youth of the Ministry of Education) was keeping scores of young people aged 13 to 18 busy in classical, modern, jazz classes, and variations and extensions of these techniques, for about eight scheduled hours a day — and about three hours more unscheduled.

This was the third annual dance seminar of its kind held by Matan. The first took place at Kfar Galim. The second last year was, like this one, at Hadassim. These seminars were no picnics or camps. All the 82 students and their 11 teachers were serious about what they were doing. "Nobody comes late to a class and nobody fools around," said Ellida Geyra, chief organizer of the seminar (and indeed of the whole dance project) on the day I visited Hadassim.

The head of Matan is Rafi Amram, and there he was, with a pair of pliers in his hand. He was ready with whatever assistance was necessary, for Hadassim is not normally geared for dance study. The only room with a wooden floor is the gymnasium. In the classrooms, dining-rooms, barns and whatever other places can be used for dance classes (including the library), portable mirrors had been installed, plastic laid down on stone floors, barres and pianos brought in, furniture and other obstructions taken out of the scattered buildings of the elementary and high schools sponsored by

All in step

DANCE
Dora Sowden



Canadian Hadassah-Wizo: When the seminar ends, everything is put back in place.

"IN THE first year we had difficulty in getting together enough likely young people who would benefit from the seminar," said Geyra. "About 50 came, no more than eight of them really good. In this third seminar we had regretfully to

limit ourselves to 82. Many more wanted to come." Geyra had begun with seminars for teachers, and with help from Dafna Soltes devised exercises useful in teaching methods, in class organization and in choreographic work, and even "how to build a demonstration."

Some of the teachers who had received such instruction as "student teachers" were not "master teachers," said Geyra as she led us from one class to another. And students were drawn from all over the country, not from private establishments or large cities where facilities for dance were easily available but from remote areas and development towns — from Afula and Kiryat Shmona, from Gedera and Carmiel, from Dimona and dozens of other places between Metulla and Eilat.

Among teachers I spoke to, besides Geyra (who also gives classes) were Paul Bloom, Nurit Stern, Anne Lemieux, Anne Aronov, Irit Herzog (who had begun as a "student teacher"), Myra Bazell, Miri Goldschlag and Mina Berold — all guest teachers for the seminar.

Berold is an artist who was initiating what was a new experiment in the "curriculum" — drawing, to train the eye to observe movement better. From what I saw in the class it was succeeding beyond belief. Many of the participants had never drawn anything before and here they were becoming sensitive to line, curve, pose, shape. Apparently, she had the knack of making them interested in the position of an arm or leg, the stance of a body, the bend of a knee or a foot. It would make them more aware of what they were doing in dance.

SOMETHING SIMILAR was being done with music. I dropped into a room where a conductor was instructing a youth orchestra. This was a kind of a reminder that Matan's first project was music, and also that music had to be part of dance training, whether the dancers played or not.

At lunch, I met Maryjane Asher, whose efforts have helped to make the whole project possible. She and her husband created the Music Foundation of Chicago some years ago to promote music among young people in Israel. The Foundation is now also assisting the promotion of dance. She comes regularly to Israel, her husband, too, when he can. She is as pleased with Matan's work in dance as in music.

With the guest teachers I discussed what they felt about the seminar. Paul Bloom said: "I arrived tired from rather intensive teaching in various parts of the country. These youngsters woke me up. They are smart, talented — and brave. They are dying to dance. You don't have to light the fire in them. They have it."

Bloom was teaching the third seminar students, who were obviously more experienced. I also watched a classical session given by Amir Kolben. Though the students hadn't yet reached the level of concentration of the older student dancers they were older watching. Anne Aronov spoke of the beginners. "When they arrive they have no idea how to work. They enter a big space and huddle together. Then you see the class change — and it is exciting."

Nurit Stern said: "They work hard and they try hard, and that is

rewarding to the teacher." MYRA BAZELL had come from the U.S. to teach jazz on the recommendation of Shimon Braun, who had come on previous occasions. "He didn't tell me what to expect. He merely said 'Go and see for yourself.' So I came — and it's well worth it. They respond." Her style, as I saw from a class, has no resemblance to disco or even to cabaret, and must have been strange to the students, though they took to it with enthusiasm.

Miri Goldschlag (formerly Geyra's pupil) also gave an impressive jazz class. Other teachers who were not present during my visit but came regularly during the 24 days were Zvi Gotheimer, Sally Anne Friedland, Sue Saltzman, Rina Sharett and Shlomo Haziz.

BESIDES choreography, composition, improvisation, contact dance, there was an unusual course called Mahol Israeli, which is an art dance based on Israeli roots in movement and theme. "But it isn't folk dance, though we have that too," said Geyra. There was also something called "holiday movement," a sort of celebrating dance some of it influenced by Yemite traditions.

The comfort of the 82 dancers, I noted, was not neglected. At various points along the lovely tree-shaded walks, cold drinks and a biscuit were available. I understand there were swimming facilities too. The extraordinary effect of the seminars has been to turn gawky beginners into young people who can move with discipline and grace, and are introduced to new interests and horizons. □

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— Jewish Cinematheque
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An old Jewish couple in New York sells its house and heads for the West. Their journey is interspersed with flashbacks of their past life in their birthplace in Russia.
Starring: Brook Adams, Melvyn Douglas, Lila Kedrova. Directed by Lee Grant.
Sunday, September 4 at 6 pm.
Monday, September 5 at 5 and 8.30 pm.
Tuesday, September 6 at 5 pm.
Wednesday, September 11 at 5 and 8.30 pm.
Thursday, September 12 at 5 and 8.30 pm.
Friday, September 13 at 5 pm.
Saturday, September 15 at 5 and 8.30 pm.
The film is in English, Hebrew and French subtitles.
2. "Partners in Crime"
A young American Jew unfolds the story of his life and especially his complicated relationship with his dominating mother.
Based on the bestseller by Phillip Roth. Starring: Richard Benjamin, Karen Black. Directed by Ernest Lehman.
Tuesday, September 13 at 8.30 pm.
The film is in English, Hebrew subtitles.
Admission fees: 15/20/18.90 for Members of Friends Association.
Courtesy of Bank Leumi Le-Israel.

Events
1. The Jewish Bookstore — a study evening. On the occasion of the publication of the book "Nehemiah Ya'acov" by Menashe Haral (in cooperation with the Center for the Integration of the Heritage of Oriental Jewry Ministry of Education). Participants: Prof. Menashe Haral; Prof. Michael Zand. Moderated by Prof. Menashe Haral.
Sunday, September 4, 1983 at 8.30 pm.
2. The Jews of Sana'a — a study evening. On the occasion of the publication of the book "The Jews of Sana'a" by Menashe Haral (in cooperation with the Ministry of Education). Participants: Prof. Menashe Haral; Prof. Michael Zand. Moderated by Prof. Menashe Haral.
Sunday, September 4, 1983 at 8.30 pm.

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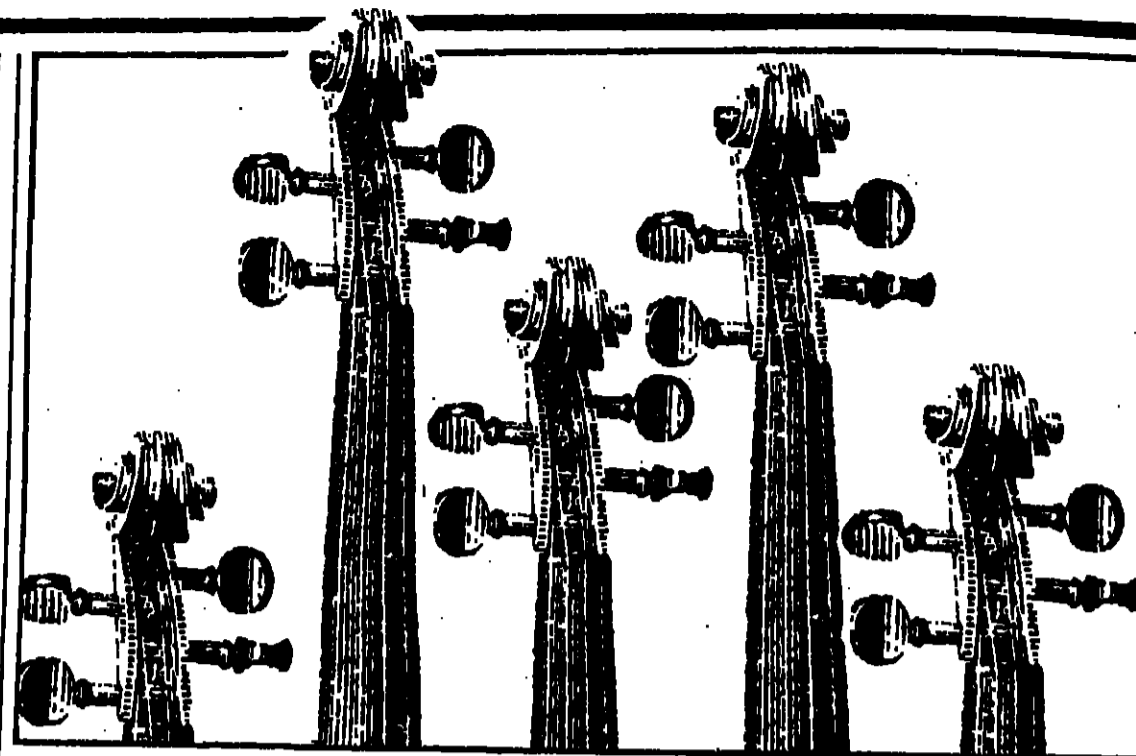
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Fifth fiddle

THEATRE
Uri Rapp

INTRODUCTIONS are unnecessary for *Fiddler on the Roof*. Millions throughout the world have seen the musical and the film; the musical has become one of the greatest theatrical successes of all time, almost like *The Mousetrap*.

It must have been clear to those behind the present Habimah production that it would again be a sure-fire hit with Israeli audiences, both those who remember previous productions and a younger generation who will see it for the first time.

The figure of Tevye the Milkman (Tuvia in Hebrew) has its own peculiar charm, deriving, of course, from Shalom Aleichem's masterpiece, which even the Broadway-type trivialization could not neutralize completely.

This is the fifth time in 20 years that I have seen *Fiddler*, and I have never been able to bring myself to like it very much. As a work of art it might be rated at below-middling, as a musical, much below *My Fair Lady* or *West Side Story*, even though the kitsch has by now turned into classic. Actually, kitsch in this case is not the right term; it should be schmalz.

The author of the play, Joseph Stein, once hearing the show called "schmalz," said: "Who invented schmalz, anyway?" He was quite right. This type of thing is exactly how many third-generation American Jews remember what is nowadays called their roots. Their nostalgia is not for the deeply entrenched, harsh Jewish life in a Russian empire already in process of dissolution in the 19th century; it is for the Lower East Side and the watered-down image of Judaism transmitted from here to Uptown Manhattan and Long Island.

True, there is a pogrom in the play, but it is bloodless and rather good-natured. Everyone in the play is decent and noble, even the Russian policeman and Tevye's renegade daughter. There are no villains and no real conflicts, and the final expulsion of the Jews comes from somewhere far away and is optimistically coloured. Sentimentality reigns supreme.

This work was composed at a time when American Jewry was still very much concerned with "what will the goyim say?" much more than they are nowadays. And the "goyim" all over the world have taken *Fiddler* to their hearts.

EVERYTHING was done to omit from the story Shalom Aleichem's harsh criticism of the Jewish existence, and to leave in and add to the sentimentalism of the plot and the songs (Jerry Bock). Some of the really tragic events, like the suicide of the younger daughter and the final rupture between Tevye and the daughter who married a goy, are eliminated.

The Hava episode is still there, but heavily melodramatized in a final scene. The musical has the mixed couple decide to leave Anatevka as well, since it cannot condone the expulsion of the Jews. How nice of them!

Also, in the original stories, Tevye and his remaining family emigrate to Israel (Palestine, as it was then); in the musical, of course, they go to America, which, it is implied, is the rightful, happy end to all Anatevkas. Israel is left to the rather ridiculous figure of Yente the marriage-broker, who has her work cut out for her there.

Almost everything genuinely Jewish is eliminated from the songs and scenes. The music is Broadway-Sixties and quite neutral, with very few undertones of ethnic flavour. The much-vaunted "tradition" boils down to the custom that fathers should choose their daughters' bridegrooms.

Jewish ritual — even in the wedding scene — is replaced by modern songs and dances, the rabbi is made fun of, and all the problems are common human ones — and mostly trivial, at that. One might almost say that this could just as well have been a community of Armenians, except for the attire.

Even Tevye's repeated talking directly to God has nothing specifically Jewish about it; apart from the one joke about the "chosen people." This could almost just as well have been a Southern Baptist talking, except for the humour.

Nevertheless, all this will make the show a great success, with Israel's younger generation of theatre-goers, whose "roots" are not much different from those of

third-generation Americans.

Yet, it remains a moving story. Starting with the song about tradition, it portrays the gradual breakdown of the traditional family, and finally of the community itself. The rumblings of the coming revolution are heard from afar, in the person of Perchik the intellectual-revolutionary, whom Tevye's daughter Hodel follows into the exile of Siberia.

Despite the many strictures enumerated above, there is much to enjoy in this show. Jerome Robbins' choreography is superb, and it is successfully reproduced in the present show, directed by Tom Abbott, who seems to have made *Fiddler* a vocation.

Boris Aueronson's stage design and setting of 20 years ago set a new standard for design, by a grand master of theatre practice and theory; it is a pleasure to behold. The original setting lay unused for many years and many productions, for practical reasons. It has now been brought in its entirety to Israel, and is still as beautiful as ever, a just source of pride to the producers.

Against the background of the beautiful setting and the mostly well-executed dances (the actors playing the young Ukrainians move very amateurishly), the acting is quite uneven. Eli Grotas as Yente is amusing and stimulating in a comic role, and Miriam Sohar as Golde, Tevye's wife, acts well and in a rather restrained way, which makes for an interesting new interpretation of the part.

But the figure of the protagonist is seriously miscast. Eli Gornstein does not do justice to the great theatrical role of Tevye.

For some reason he (or the director) chose to portray Tevye as an extremely nervous and jittery character, squirming and twitching all through the play. He has some good comic moments and gets much applause for them, but he lacks the integrity, that inner stability of personality, which belongs to Tevye; he also fails to convey the tragic sense of a man deeply at home in a world which he is forced to witness falling apart.

Tevye is neither a clown nor an Israeli-type *shlemiel*. The inadequacy of the main actor casts a shadow on an otherwise sumptuous production.

History by curator

Meir Ronnen

THE ISRAEL MUSEUM is, according to a new press release, at the peak of a wave of acquisitions of Israeli art, all intended to fill the new Israel Pavilion to be opened in 1985. The Museum has now placed on view (in addition to works on paper (in these columns last week) a number of large works made by Israeli artists over the last few years. The new pavilion is to trace developments in local art in the eight decades since the opening of the Old Bezalel School. These paintings and installations are the last link in the chain.

The show is, with few exceptions, a mundane and even sad affair. It reminds us that instant art history is made not only by artists, but by curators. The latter, always afraid of being accused of conservatism or missing out on "the latest," play it safe by getting something from everyone. From time to time, the "genius of the week" (a phrase translated directly from the Hebrew vernacular) is given a big play at a museum. The Tel Aviv Museum has gone out of its way to promote some of these geniuses and they were no doubt right to show us what is going on. But I wonder how many of the curators of both museums are will-

ing to admit that some works acquired from these shows lose their lustre after a remarkably short passage of time.

A case in point are large canvases in this show by Tamar Geter and Michal Na'aman, both selected for the last Venice Biennale. I can't for the life of me discern any merit in the works chosen, other than the fact that they do possess a "personal signature." Other works that have not worn well are a disassembled wall painting by Yehudit Levin; an open wood construction by Nahum Tevet; and semi-conceptual pieces by Nurit David and Zvi Goldstein; the latter's oblique socio-political texts still defy penetration.

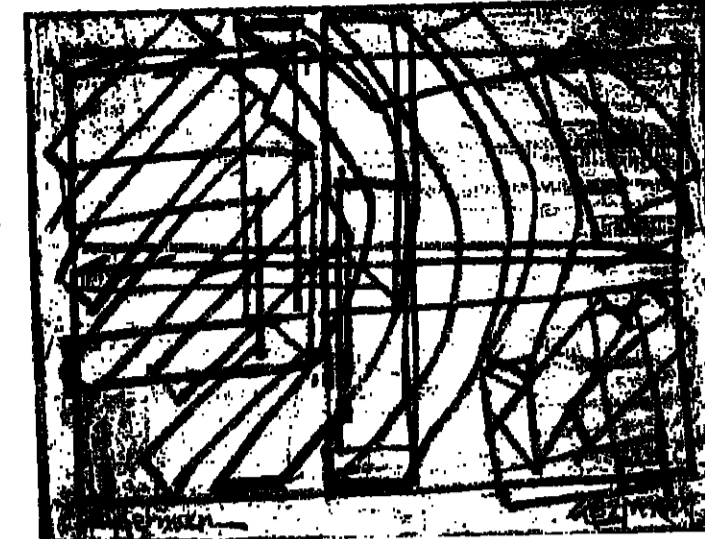
Some "new painting" by Lydia Dona and a light-and-shadow installation by Benji Efrat are leftovers from the recent "Here and Now" show (but there is a beautiful new Efrat drawing to be seen in the adjoining Cohen Gallery). A new work by Yehoram Merose is well brought off but looks essentially like all his other mixtures of Penthouse political painting and Jackson Pollock. A frieze of jumbled painted cut-out figures by Pinhas Cohen-Gan remains a jumble.

The only work of overwhelming presence in the show is a large unstretched painting by Gabi Klammer, simply several bold hillock-like

forms set against a sky of sorts, with the word MULA written across it but cleverly orchestrated into the composition. Klammer has a gift of making the simplest of statements look absolutely right, a matter not so simple at all. A recent canvas by Kupferman treated as a calligraphic drawing against an uncharacteristically light background, is well brought off. A rich, painterly Neustein torn to reveal its bright blue underside, is also effective.

Of the sculpture, Michael Gitlin's cleverly sundered and sawn length of black-painted plywood remains as effectively intriguing as ever. Gitlin, Kupferman and Klammer all understand that art is understood something out of virtually nothing. The magic, of course, lies in a thorough understanding of the relationships between the elements involved. It's a gift that the ladies of the Tel Aviv school rarely evidence.

IT IS easier to make a case for showing "art of the now" than for actually acquiring it. The curators might be well advised to let the wine settle before buying. Only Beaujolais can be drunk the year it is made. If you want to judge a fine Chateau, you must wait many years before opening a bottle and coming to judgement.



Moshe Kupferman: painting (Israel Museum).



Yehudit Levin: "Descent From The Cross," detail (Israel Museum).

Breaking the formula

Gil Goldfine

SEVERAL local artists belonging to a circle advocating international figurative expressionism as the style of the '80s, are beginning to break with the standard formulae to give credence and stability to the entire group.

Adam Berg, whose art has only recently begun to take roots, displays this new direction in his first one-man show, a volatile and creative assessment of what picture making is all about. Unorthodox, even for neo-expressionism, Berg's art attempts to redefine the figure in space by examining the compositional relationships between image, materials and gallery interiors.

The purity of a geometric (rectangle, tondo, square) field or a combination of several panels, has been replaced by an "open-ended" visual theatre, as Berg moves his abstract, symbolic and objective elements along every flat surface in the room, with little regard for creating sound, "understandable," relationships.

In a gut-impulse response, one sees the exhibit as an outlandishly baroque system of integrated and intertwined tubes, rods, panels and canvases tied together by an active, cut-out (contoured), muscular male nude who jumps, bends, corkscrews and supplicates across the gallery walls and ceiling. Sometimes it is difficult to establish the borderline between any two works.

This major figurative force is drawn dynamically and coloured a fiery blend of yellow, orange and red, and accentuated by black outlines.

By changing proportions, altering views and foreshortening limbs, Berg uses his "man" to activate the installation. This sensual quality, coordinated with plastic tubing on the walls and metal rods extending to the floor, transforms the gallery into a contemporary cathedral buttressed and decorated with soul-oriented paintings.

Each of Berg's units is treated as a classical niche, a closed circuit from which is telegraphed, in both naturalistic pictures and ritualistic signs, an emotional or theological condition.

"Purgatory" is dually defined: first as a deep tank of bluish liquid into which one descends by a flight of stairs (a rather idyllic way of "going to hell") and then restated as a barren set of plastic rings (funnels) on a blank wall from which only the yellow-orange legs of Berg's homunculi are visible, ablaze and being dragged down into the uncharted depths. This is the essential character of the exhibit and indicates the harshness of Berg's art. Despite the fact that the show is not easy to grasp, it does provide interest and unlike so much of today's expressionist fare without resorting to pretentious melodrama. (Dvir Gallery, 26 Gordon, Tel Aviv). Till Sept. 23.

KIBBUTZ PHOTOGRAPHERS

"KIBBUTZ — Two Points of View" is a personal document by two kibbutz photographers. Gabriel Palti (Hazorea) sees his surroundings firstly as a series of walls, buildings and fences pinpointing places that depict but not describe human activity; and secondly, as workerless fields and dense, unin-

habited hills. Palti composes his frames and uses light in a very orthodox well planned fashion.

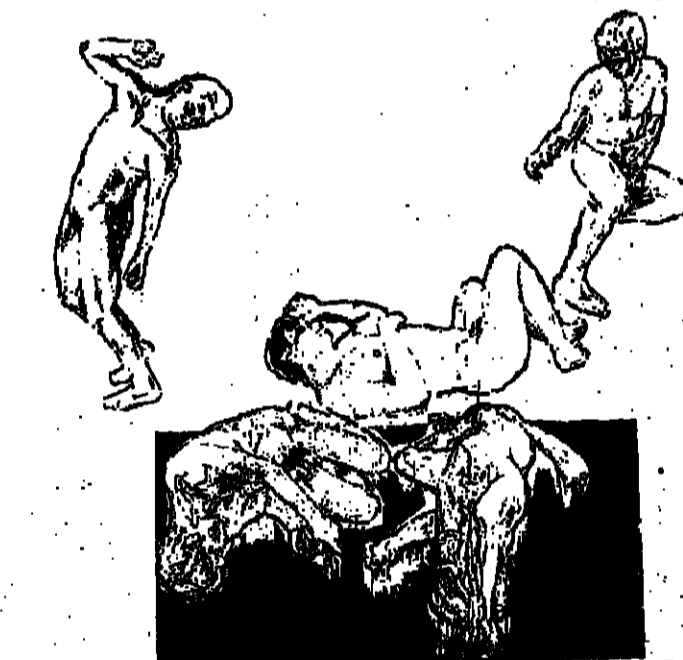
Yehoshua Zamir (Ein Dor) sees his kibbutz as a community of faces and personalities. His posed portraits of couples, seamstresses, factory workers and field hands are honest and not at all awkward. There is a breath of truth about Zamir's directness, his kibbutz is believable and his involvement in its inner life understandable. (Gallery for the Art of Photography, 19 Frishman, Tel Aviv). Till Sept. 21.

STREET SHOW

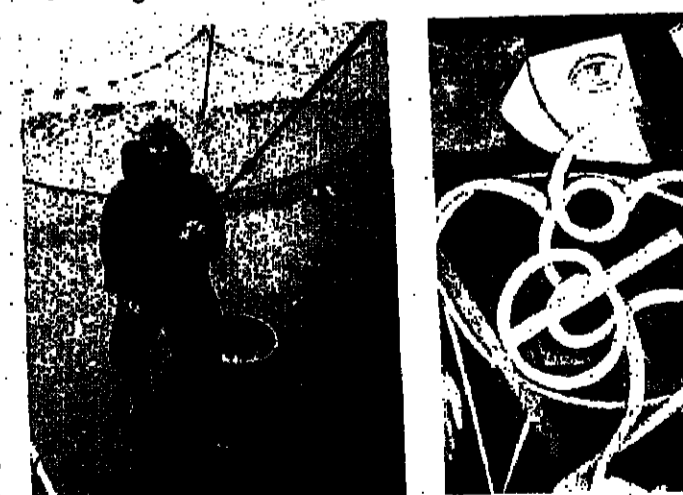
A DECADE ago Dan Kedar's symbolistic approach on delicately rendered panels was as much influenced by early Flemish painting as was the slick overglazing techniques he used to paint them.

Today, Kedar's symbolism is no longer mysterious; nor is his technique delicate. His current Dizengoff Circle street show is strictly a fence show peppered with Bach background music and a quaint tinge of political rhetoric. The display is full of large, bombastic compositions packed with reductively drawn or transmogrified people that are tied, knotted, emasculated or restrained as mechanical toys and animals or a combination of both.

Kedar's impasto surface, attached to hard edge shapes, looks more like a stone relief than applied pigment. This visual contortion matches Kedar's anonymous characters, with their banal messages of their depressing condition. Dizengoff Circle thrives and beats out a steady tempo while Kedar's canvases hit the pavement hard. (Dizengoff Circle, Tel Aviv). Till Sept. 6.



Adam Berg: mixed media picture (Dvir Gallery, Tel Aviv).



Yehoshua Zamir: "Kibbutznik" (Gallery for Photography Art).

Dan Kedar: painting (Dizengoff Circle, Tel Aviv).

WHAT'S ON

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Jerusalem

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ART GUIDE

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Jerusalem

MUSEUMS
Israel Museum, Exhibitions: Tip of the Iceberg, No. 3, New Acquisitions of Israeli Art, Mario Merz, Italian artist. From "Pong" to Home Computer, George Segal, sculptures; China and the Islamic World; Oil Lamp section; Permanent collection of Judaica, Art and Archaeology; Primitive Art from the Museum's collection (Museum Pavilion); Looking at Pictures (Ruth Youth Wing); Permanent exhibition in Pre-historic Hall; Contemporary Israeli Art. Special Exhibits: New 5th cent. mosaic from a Byzantine church; Torah Finials (Rimonim) produced in Sui by Yemenite Jewish goldsmiths at beginning of this century. At the Rockefeller Museum: Kadesh-Barnea, Judean Kingdom fortress. Paley Centre: Wonderful World of Paper.

Jerusalem City Museum — Tower of David — The Citadel. Open daily 8.30 a.m.-7.00 p.m.

Multi-screen show (Eng.) Sun-Thur. 9.00, 11.00 a.m.; 1.00, 3.00, 7.00 p.m. Fri. 9.00, 11.00 a.m.; 1.00 p.m. Daily (exc. Fri.) French: 5.00 p.m. German: 6.00 p.m. Permanent Exhibits: Ethnographic Dials "Jerusalem Characters." Yemla Moshe Wiedmil Permanent Exhibit on life and work of Sir Moses Montefiore, Sun-Thur. 9 a.m.-4 p.m., Fri. 9 a.m.-1 p.m. Admission free.

The Tourist Post, Permanent Exhibits on Jerusalem Divided and Reunited in restored former military outpost, Sun-Thur. 9 a.m.-3 p.m. (1 Hail Hadassah St.)
Old Yishuv Court Museum. The life of the Jewish community in the Old City, mid-19th century-World War II. 6, Reh. Or Hahaim, Jewish Quarter Old City, Sun-Thur., 9 a.m.-4 p.m.
Sir Isaac and Lady Edith Wolfson Museum at Heichal Shalom: Permanent Exhibition of Judaica, Diorama Room: History of Jewish People, Special Shavuot Exhibit, Sun-Thur. 9 a.m.-1 p.m.; Fri. 9 a.m.-12 noon. Tel. 635212.

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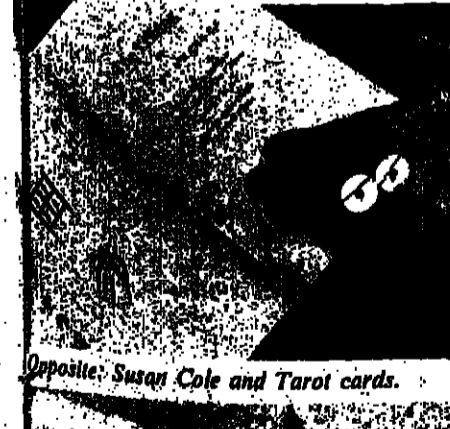
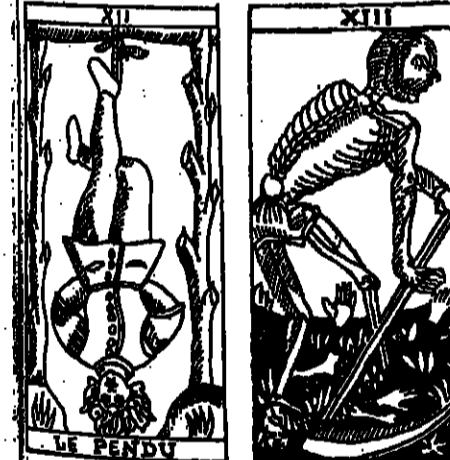
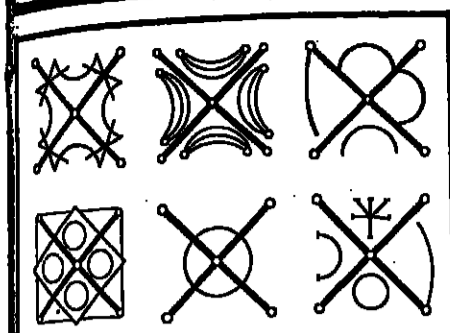
In the Fall 1983 issue of
ISRAEL — LAND AND NATURE

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Opposite: Susan Cole and Tarot cards.

astrologer. Prestige and publicity seem to have more to do with the fees charged than does proficiency.
One astrologer in Ramat Gan claimed that he had predicted the last three Israeli-Arab wars, and that he had been accurate each time. Unfortunately, he said, he had not published his predictions but had kept them in his own diary. He also claimed that the war in Lebanon will be the last Israeli-Arab war. Being an inveterate, I decided not to ask him exactly what he meant by that.

CLOSELY allied to astrology, almost a daughter science in fact, is the ancient system of chirology, or palm reading. Palmistry has been around a long time and historians of the art often quote the Bible — particularly Job 37:7, with Proverbs 3:16 as a close second choice — to show that palmistry was known in biblical times. The oldest manuscript on the subject appears to be one written by the great Greek philosopher Aristotle in about 350 BCE.

Palmistry holds that the hand of a person is in fact a microcosmos and that the entire zodiac is represented there. Consequently the palm is divided into areas called the fingers of Jupiter, Saturn and Apollo and the Mounts of the Moon and of Venus. Across this celestial terrain run the lines, individual and distinctive, that relate to the person in question. There is the life line, the head line, the heart line and the fate line. By reading the exact configuration of these lines the palmist claims to read the individual's past experiences, present state and future happenings. Palm prints have been shown to be as individual as fingerprints.

Gypsy palmists used to ask for their palm to be crossed with silver, which combined advance payment for their services with the mystic value of blessing (or removing a curse from) the operation by making the sign of the cross. Today's palmists are more likely to ask for a number of 100-shekel notes or a cheque complete with VAT.

ISRAEL has a large number of practising palmists, and even an institute for the teaching and the study of chirology. I was unfortunately unable to interview anyone there. The head of the institute seemed extremely reluctant to talk to me, wanting to know what I would do with the information, and, in the end, professing to be far too busy to grant an interview for at least two months.

But other palmists were more cooperative and what impressed me most was that all those I visited gave more or less the same evaluation of my general character. Only one, however, stated categorically that I had "obviously been very ill about a year ago...seriously ill." He was quite right, but all he would say when I pressed him to explain exactly how he had discerned it was, "Everything about you is written there." It was at that point that I decided that I finally knew why gloves were invented.

Another palmist promised me both future marital bliss and an assurance that I would make a great deal of money and travel a lot. Since I haven't any intention of getting married, have never been able to make more money than what was needed to cover my monthly overdraft and keep me on speaking terms with my bank manager, and also haven't been abroad since 1968 because I hate to travel, I must say I was sceptical.

Many of the readings I got seemed to fall more into the realm of promising what "everyone wants" than real prophecy. Nevertheless, if anyone suddenly hears that I've married a millionaire and gone off around the world on my honeymoon, I'll be glad to give the palmist's name and address. Maybe the finance minister or someone could make use of such a soothsayer.

BUT IF EVEN the most behaviour-oriented schools of astrology and palmistry are still based on the assumption that by and large it's all preordained, there are other systems that keep man in the central role as a full participant in his own fate. These sciences or arts are devoted to the analysis of the various states of life, and more or less tell the future by analysing the now.

By far the best known and most widely used of these systems is the reading of the Tarot cards, the ancient deck from which ordinary playing cards evolved. No one can prove the exact origin of these cards with their fascinating array of symbols. Some say they come from the Egyptian Book of Thoth, others that they originate in the Kabbalah and that the vowels in the word Tarot, written on ancient decks in a circle, can be inverted to spell Tora. The Sufi writers allude to them as a product of Sufi mystical teachings.

Possibly all of these theories are at least partially true. What is certain is that the cards became common in the West in the 14th century and that they are full of Hebrew symbols as well as the symbology of the other major monotheistic religions. Thus, the card representing the high priestess shows a woman wearing a cross, seated between two pillars. The pillars are the letters B and J. The pillars of the Temple in Jerusalem were named for the two sons of Solomon, Boaz and Joachim.

The Tarot deck is divided into the four major and 22 minor arcana, or mysteries, the last minor ones each having a Hebrew letter as their symbol. By the use of a combined system of gematria (numerology), a Tarot reader can choose the two cards representing the inner and outer personality of the enquirer and can determine the dominant force operative in his or her life at that particular time. A more complete reading deals with situation, influences, hopes and fears, possible consequences and courses of action.

SUSAN COLE of Jerusalem, who teaches Tarot workshops and reads Tarot cards by request, talked about the subject at some length.
"People come to me because they want information about the future," said the 34-year-old ex-Californian. "I don't really tell futures. What I do is discuss the present. After all, the future is being born right now. I cannot tell anyone when they'll find their life mate, but sometimes I can tell them why they aren't finding him or her."

Cole illustrated how the attitude of the reader affects predictions and assessments by relating her experience with one man who came to her for a reading.

"I said to him that the coming year would be a year of challenge, of striving and of opportunities for great spiritual development. He sighed with relief and then told me that an astrologer had told him that the coming year would be very difficult, full of strife and conflict..."

"If, as I do, one sees life as presenting endless opportunities in

our striving for self-development, then striving and challenge, while often painful at the time, are to be viewed as opportunities to be taken advantage of. The astrologer seemed to view all discomfort in a negative way. That's why we each interpreted the basically same finding in a different manner."

But the Tarot leaves the final decisions to the person involved, for it is based on the assumption of cause and effect and takes those decisions into account. The Tarot, for the most part, tells what may possibly transpire rather than what will definitely take place.

As to character reading, the Tarot readers seem to be right on the ball, for all my scepticism. I gave one reader the birth date of my two-year-old dog, although I am sure she assumed that it was my child. She told me that "this person is one of the New Age children. These children are distinguished by their lack of attachment to material possessions, they are contemplative, serious of purpose, direct but never aggressive."

(Well, that dog will not bark at a stranger. Even when one stranger happened to be a burglar, she waited for us to wake up and take charge. She contemplates our cat from every angle all day long and she is very serious about holding out for the best place on the sofa in front of the TV.)

ANOTHER system, far more ancient, is now gaining rapid popularity in the Western world. This is the consultation of the oracle of *The I Ching*, or *The Book of Changes*. This Chinese divining system was developed by Taoist priests about 2000 BCE. The English-language version has become a source of information, inspiration and knowledge for thousands.

The I Ching is a book couched in the language applicable to the lives of Mandarin courtiers of the time and therefore is almost unintelligible to the uninitiated reader. Those familiar with its symbolism and the culture it embodies have no difficulty in translating its admonitions and homilies into the language of today. Unfortunately, the only really reliable translation, with its impressive preface by Carl Jung, one of the founders of modern psychiatry, who consulted it regularly, is heavy reading. The attempts of some of the moderns to reinterpret it leave a great deal to be desired.

The I Ching is consulted by either the throwing of a bundle of 50 yarrow stalks or the tossing of three metal coins. In either case, it is only consulted after a period of meditation. The pattern of the stalks or coins translates into a system of numerology that leads the reader to a set of trigrams, which together form hexagrams. Each hexagram — and there are 64 of them — is believed to represent one of the states common to mankind. They bear such names as the Creative, the Receptive, Coming Together, Being Through, The Abyss, and the Preponderance of the Great.

The I Ching then gives a reading and its commentaries based on the hexagram thrown and the possible states that could develop from this particular situation. Like the Tarot, *The I Ching* sees the future as now, and deals with what is rather than with prediction, although it does deal with the extrapolation of situations.

The I Ching is based on the Yin-Yang concept, which although often interpreted by Westerners to mean only the masculine-feminine principle, is actually far more than that, for it deals in essence with the

creative and the receptive.
In every case, *The I Ching* stresses one special concept, the behaviour of the superior (enlightened) person in a given situation. How that person would behave is then taken as the highest form of behaviour. But from there on, *The I Ching* takes account of the other possible choices. In the end, the oracle leaves it all up to the individual, for according to *The I Ching*, man is master of his own destiny.

In Israel, *The I Ching* has found so many adherents that the massive tome has recently appeared in Hebrew, and although almost as obscure as the English translation, it is being read by the many Hebrew speakers who consult the oracle regularly, for themselves and for their friends. It was the one system where I failed to find a single person engaging in it for money. In general, readers of *The I Ching* treat the book as very wise, indeed almost sacred.

THE LAST group, but by no means the least patronized, consists of the psychic seers. Although in times past the seers often used mirrors and crystal balls as props in their readings, the moderns do without these aids and address themselves to the subject directly. Some of them are highly intuitive, good practical psychologists and well experienced in both sizing up people and, in that sense, really seeing them.

It was here, however, that the use of mystically couched language and the tendency to speak in generalities while waiting for cues from the subject seemed most prevalent. After a few attempts to consult with them, and finding that I wasn't, apparently, playing the game as they wished, I sent a friend, a young woman with a Ph.D. in psychology, armed with a small tape recorder, to have a psychic reading. I would then try to analyse the seer's method.

To my great surprise, my friend returned an hour later raving about how the woman had "told me the most amazing things, things she could not possibly have known." Together, we sat down and reviewed the tape, analysing every statement and response. To her amazement, my friend realized that the woman had actually told her nothing. She herself had been a victim of that great human failing, suggestibility, and in every case she had herself supplied the cues that enabled the seer to proceed.

This does not mean that I am claiming that there are no psychic seers. As scientist and writer Carl Sagan says, "The absence of evidence is not evidence of absence." I am only saying that with the exception of one woman in Tel Aviv, in every case where I sat opposite them, my automatic bullshit detector went off with a loud whistle.

THE QUESTION that remains is: just what sends so many people to seek the assistance of the parapsychological practitioners? Gail Klein, a psychologist who is very familiar with the parapsychological sciences, and who practices clinical psychology in Tel Aviv, believes that the most widespread underlying reason is fear and a sense of helplessness.

"The world in which we live often seems alien to us, even hostile," she says. "We have rejected, for the most part, the consolations of organized religion, yet we seek reassurance. When we can predict, or think we can predict the future, we feel that we are less likely to be victimized by blind chance."

PAGE NINE

THE MOST striking sculpture in the ancient cathedral in the picturesque Old City of Stockholm depicts St. George slaying the dragon. In its original context, St. George represented Sweden while the dragon was Denmark, and the sculpture celebrated the attainment of Swedish independence from Danish masters. Last April, the sculpture attained a new symbolism. The occasion was the 24-hour visit of Yasser Arafat to Stockholm, which had been preceded by a considerable pro-PLO buildup. Arafat was invited by Sweden's socialist premier, Olof Palme, who has evinced pro-Palestinian sympathies (and last summer compared the bombing of Beirut to the destruction of the Warsaw Ghetto).

Shocked by Arafat's presence, the dean of Stockholm Cathedral took the initiative and organized a meeting — on the day Arafat was in town — to expound alternatives to the PLO approach. He did not escape criticism from among his own hierarchy for using the cathedral for this purpose.

The event proved the most traumatic occasion in recent Swedish Jewish history and got top media coverage.

The dean, Dr. Ludvig Jönsson, a warm friend of Israel, told me that 2,000 people packed the cathedral while another 1,000 gathered outside. The atmosphere was electric. Representatives of all political parties agreed to participate and at the last moment Palme decided to take time off from his meetings with Arafat and to appear himself, instead of his more sympathetic deputy, who had been slated to speak.

While Palme rose he was greeted with boos — reportedly the first time that boos had been heard in the solemn precincts. As many of those present were Jews, Palme subsequently pinned the blame on them, although he had the grace to add that, in view of the Holocaust experience, he could understand their feelings. The media took the cue and blamed the Jewish participants, especially the youth.

The version I heard from authoritative Jewish sources was that the disturbances were started by non-Jews, members of the Free Churches, who called out "Throw out the atheist liar." This released inhibitions all round, and then the Jews joined in — and not so much, the youth as the middle-aged. In any case, the audience was far from impressed by Palme calling for dialogue — and then rushing off to dine with the PLO leader before anyone could respond.

Arafat's visit proved such a fiasco that some Swedish Jews now suggest that the best way to improve Israel's image is to help him visit more countries.

PALME HIMSELF has been trying to demonstrate that whatever his feelings about Israel, he is a good friend of the Jews. He attended the recent funeral of the Swedish Jewish leader, Hillel Storch, and is to be the main speaker at a dinner on September 1 to mark the first anniversary of the death of Nahum Goldmann.

Palme gathered no political crumbs of comfort from the visit. The other parties were united in their condemnation and even his own party was divided — an unusual situation in a country where parties tend to keep united fronts. Moreover, Arafat said no "congratulatory words," as had been hoped. Palme explained this by saying that Arafat was in too difficult a position

at the time to make any concessions.

Swedish Jews see the occasion as a turning-point — after the onslaught of anti-Israel press and TV reports of last year, the Arafat visit and the Israel-Lebanon peace treaty have led to the reassertion of pro-Israel viewpoints. A cartoon in the leading Stockholm paper while I was there, captioned "The Last Battle for Palestine," showed the PLO groups fighting each other.

OUT OF Sweden's four parties, the Liberals are the most consistently friendly towards Israel. They have only 4.5 per cent of the seats in parliament (if they drop below 4 per cent they will be out altogether). The Conservative Party is well disposed towards Israel while the Agricultural Party, representing the farmers and peasants, takes little interest in foreign affairs. The ruling Social Democrats were formerly very pro-Israel, especially when it was under Labour rule. Palme is an old friend of Israel socialism (although to this day he is liable to recall the way Golda Meir used to put him down at international socialist gatherings). But he has gone along with the Kreiskyist stream and invited Arafat out of his socialist leanings. He frequently criticizes the policies of the present Israel government. When Elias Freij, mayor of Bethlehem, on a visit to Stockholm asked him to mediate between Israel and the PLO, Palme replied: "No, impossible. Israel doesn't listen."

FOR THE Jews of Sweden, Israel is central to their Jewish identity. When anything happens to Israel, they become worked up and emerge from their lethargy. In Zionist politics, I was told, the overwhelming majority of Jews identify with the Confederation of General Zionists; a small group supports Labour; and a small but growing group vociferously supports the Likud.

There is a very active Israel Solidarity organization, headed by Leon Gerson who told me of its activities. The 12 Sweden-Israel Friendship Leagues have 3,000 members, while many non-Jews belong to the Swedish Friends of the Kibbutz Organization, which sends 1,000 volunteers to Israel each year.

Gerson is critical of Israel's information efforts. He feels that there is too much harping on the Holocaust, which no longer makes a large impact, and too little on what Jews have suffered at the hands of Arabs throughout history. Israel's image also suffers badly in a country like Sweden from the company it keeps — Chile, South Africa, and so on.

The Lebanese war, Gerson feels, only really sharpened attitudes towards Israel that had been in the making since 1967. Until that time, Israel had been loved and respected; but after 1967 it not only took over the Goliath role but was also suspect because of its close relationship with the U.S. (at that time disliked for the Vietnam war).

The situation has not been helped in recent years by Sweden's continuing dependence on Arab oil and by the growing trade with Arab countries.

INCIDENTALLY, Sweden has seen an influx of Arabs in recent years. Over 5,000 have settled in Stockholm alone since the late 1960s. These are nearly all Christians, from Lebanon. Some of them are strongly nationalists. The other

Northern warmth

Israel is still central to Swedish Jews identity, writes GEOFFREY WIGODER.



Saturday morning I saw a small group of Moslem fundamentalists marching in a demonstration along the main streets of Stockholm carrying banners directed against Iraq, America and Israel.

INFORMED estimates speak of 15,000 to 18,000 Jews in all Sweden, of whom between 8,000 and 9,000 live in Stockholm (all figures are approximations). They are reasonably well-off, most of them in business or the professions. At this time of the year, many of Stockholm's Jews are away in their country homes.

The dynamic chief rabbi, the American Morton Narrows, gave me a bird's eye view of the community's development. At the turn of the century the small community was highly assimilated and on the verge of disappearance. Various influxes during the 20th century have been responsible for its revival. The first came from Russia-Poland and the Baltic States in the early years of the century. In the 1930s, Stockholm's 3,500 Jews received (not always completely willingly) 1,000 refugees from Germany and Vienna. Two trainloads of children arrived on the eve of World War II, and many were taken in by non-Jewish families. The refugees saved from Denmark and Norway during the war returned to those countries after liberation; only a few, who had married Swedish Jews, remained.

The greatest moment of Swedish Jewry was at the very end of the war when 25,000 survivors of the camps were admitted (Count Folke

Bernadotte played an important role in this operation). Most of these eventually moved on elsewhere (largely to Israel) but 7,000 remained, doubling the Swedish Jewish population. Their children were mainly responsible for the renaissance of Jewish life in the country over the past 10-20 years. The last influx was of Jews from Poland after the 1968-1970 anti-Semitic manifestations in that country.

These Polish Jews were deeply assimilated and many had held high positions under the Communist regime, some even in the secret police. They arrived in Sweden with no Jewish baggage. This time, the Jewish community jumped in and some of their members devoted themselves exclusively to assisting the new arrivals. The community extended itself and guaranteed loans to the newcomers (and were sometimes disappointed by their lack of appreciation).

Some of the ex-Polish Jews who had arrived in 1945 remained cool to the newcomers, asking why they hadn't left Poland earlier. About 2,000 Polish Jews arrived, most of them in Stockholm. They were of a high intellectual calibre, with many academicians and professionals.

AT A ROUGH estimate, 20-30 per cent of these Polish Jews have become active in the Jewish community — which, considering their generally negative background, is seen as a success. Some of them have married Swedish Jews. One father proudly exclaimed that his

family typified the history of Swedish Jewry: "My mother, of an old Swedish family, married a Jew from East Europe who arrived before World War I. I married a Norwegian refugee during World War II. And my daughter has married a Polish Jewish academic."

The annual Warsaw Ghetto memorial ceremonies attract hundreds of former Polish Jews who are seen at no other Jewish function and the atmosphere is charged with personal emotion. Often the Polish Jews remain almost exclusively in a Polish-speaking environment together with other Polish refugees — non-Jewish as well as Jewish.

The most recent additions to the community are *yordim* from Israel. Their number is not high — perhaps 200 in Stockholm. I was told that many come from Oriental communities, often having formed an attachment to a Swedish girl visiting Israel. There is often a dark-fair attraction and the alliance (usually ultimately temporary) brings the young Israeli to Sweden with the girl. In a few cases, they get married, and the Swedish girls sometimes convert ("you should see those fabulous-looking girls in our congregation," said the rabbi's wife) and the children go to a Jewish school. But these are the exceptions. Most of the Israelis go into business, some open *felafel* shops — and, it is rumoured, a few are involved in the drugs racket.

SWEDISH Jewry has always had a large number of out-marriages; indeed there are Swedes who speak with pride of being even one-sixteenth Jewish. Rabbi Narrows puts the figure of out-marriage today at 50 per cent or more. Sometimes if a Jew and a non-Jew decide to marry (usually after a long period of living together), the non-Jewish partner seeks to become Jewish.

Narrows thinks that one reason for this is that in a society where the family has largely broken down, the image of the Jewish family is appealing. He himself deals with 15-20 conversions a year. Where there is no conversion the family in most cases is lost to the Jewish community. However, efforts are made to attract the children of such marriages to the Jewish school which accepts pupils with one Jewish parent.

The community runs a nursery school and a day school for Jewish children up to the age of 13. After that time, they go to a general school. If there are enough Jewish children, these are put into a special class at the general school but in any case they continue to get a Jewish education in the framework of the general school.

The community also runs a popular summer camp for 260 older children while the Christmas vacation all-Scandinavian camp, bringing together 200 college-age students from Sweden, Denmark, Norway and Finland, is popularly called the "shidduch camp" and indeed often successfully fulfils that function.

THE STOCKHOLM Jewish community has 5,000 dues-paying members. Until 1951, all Jews had by law to belong to the community but new legislation in that year made affiliation voluntary. The community expected a big drop in membership but that did not happen. However, there has been a steady erosion. Membership is quite expensive, each member having to pay 1.8 per cent of his taxable income to the community; defaulters can be sued.

Stockholm has three congregations. The imposing "mother synagogue," dating from the 1860s, is Rabbi Narrows's Conservative congregation (with organ and a women's choir but separate seating for men and women). There are also two Adas Yisrael congregations, one of them founded 120 years ago, served by an Orthodox rabbi. The community has no *mohel* and if circumcisions are not performed by a local doctor, a *mohel* has to be brought from Denmark.

The president of one of the Adas Yisrael congregation, Joseph Eitlinger, told me that, at the moment, the community is undergoing a *shehita* crisis. In the 1930s, Sweden banned *shehita* as cruel to animals, insisting on their being first stunned. The Swedish community applied to the rabbinical authorities in Jerusalem which gave permission for the animals to be rendered unconscious through the use of nitrous oxide (the dentists' "laughing gas").

This was the only place in the world where stunning was permitted prior to *shehita*. Other communities, such as Britain, were far from happy with this arrangement as they feared that if opponents of *shehita* in their countries got to learn of it, they would cite it as a precedent and intensify their anti-*shehita* campaign. In the course of time, the gas was replaced by electric stunning, also authorized by Jerusalem.

Five years ago this arrangement came to an end when the Israel Chief Rabbinate refused to send out *shohetim* to work under such a system. Kosher meat now had to be imported from Denmark but a prohibitive tax was imposed on the import. However, the government agreed that for a period of four years the tax would be returned to the community, which enabled the determination of reasonable prices. Now this period is coming to an end. The community is trying to persuade the government that modern methods of slaughter as developed in the U.S. (notably the Weinberg pen) are humane, and the government is sending an investigator to look into these methods. If the report is favourable, it is hoped it will be reflected in legislation legalizing *shehita*.

ONE OF MY strongest impressions is of basic changes in Swedish society resulting from the very liberal programme towards newcomers. Considerable numbers have been welcomed to Sweden as victims of oppression — ranging from Chileans to 8,000 Kurds (part of the influx of Turks admitted to bolster the manual labour force).

The character of the population is beginning to change from homogeneity to pluralism. The ideology comes from the top and is supported by intellectuals; it has not been fully accepted at grass roots level. During periods of economic crisis there are manifestations of reaction against the newcomers. But, basically, Sweden is experiencing the growth of ethnicity.

Although in the past Jews have been well received and have moved towards assimilation, there was a certain difficulty in their finding full acceptance as Swedes. Now in a multi-national society, this last barrier — even if mainly psychological — should disappear. In any case, Stockholm's Jews feel comfortable in their environment.

Israel exerts its pull — some 50-60 a year come on aliya, many of them from the younger generation. But this is due to the "pull" of Israel rather than any feeling of "push" experienced in Sweden.

TENDER.TENDER.TENDER.TENDER

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ISRAELIS HAVE lived a kind of nose-to-nose existence with the international media for long enough to claim some expertise in judging their collective endeavours. Indeed, no other country of this size can boast such sustained and intense media attention. Some 350 foreign correspondents are based here permanently, and their ranks are swelled many times by "firemen" who are rushed in for special occasions.

One such occasion was the Lebanon war, and the debate over media coverage of the event will probably be around for as long as this controversial conflict is debated; journalists discuss the ethics; the public agonizes over the fairness, while academics pursue this new wrinkle in the communications field with what could almost be described as zeal. There are symposia, seminars, papers, reports, analyses, articles, letters to the editor. The media's handling of the conflict has become a growth industry.

And so it is with great expectation that one picks up a book on the trade — *Don't Worry About the Money Now* — by one of the chiefs of the fire brigade, Sandy Gall, of Britain's Independent Television Network. To be sure, Gall does not deal with the Lebanon war, but nevertheless he will have fascinating insights to offer, won't he?

WELL, NO. Gall, who joined Reuters in 1953 and switched to ITN 10 years later just when television news was coming of age, displays a case of severely arrested development. His emotional responses — for those are about the only responses he appears to have — switch from boyish high spirits to a kind of truly obscene arrogance. Even at his most profound, he never manages to leave the paddling pool.

Gall has spent a good deal of his working life reporting from areas of conflict, from developing countries and from the Communist bloc. Yet, for all the special problems confronting Western journalists in such situations, this state-of-the-art fireman has nothing to offer but the most facile nonsense.

After two years in Budapest — an assignment which began just after the Hungarian uprising — he sums up: "How lucky I was, I thought, to be a British subject, and how little

"FEW TASKS," says the author of this concise, clearly-written work, "are more difficult for those living in the latter quarter of the Twentieth Century than to understand the subjective meaning of the First World War to those who survived it." In Great Britain, six million were mobilized. Three-quarters of a million died. A million and a half were wounded. No longer was the meaning of war symbolized by the glory of Blenheim or Trafalgar, but by barbed wire, mustard gas, and the stench of rotting corpses in a tangle of muddy trenches.

Like millions of others, Neville Chamberlain, the British prime minister in the late Thirties, lost someone close to him in the Great War: his cousin Norman Chamberlain. Chamberlain's official biographer noted that the Chamberlains "always repressed, since they despised, emotion." So his reaction to his cousin's death is surprising, for it instilled in him a hatred of war. "When I think," he once declared, "of the 7 million of young men who were cut off in their prime, the 13 million who were maimed and mutilated, the miseries and the sufferings of the fathers and



"Blind duck, to match duck blind, is effective in decoying soft-hearted waterfowl." Alfred Giggold's "Items from Our Catalog" (Avon, \$4.95) parodies L.L. Bean's catalogue, familiar to New Yorker advertisement addicts, of fishing, hiking, camping and canoeing gear. A.B.

Unmitigated Gall

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE MONEY NOW by Sandy Gall. Hamish Hamilton, London. 344 pp. £8.95.
PRESS GANG by Roy Hattersley. Robson Books, London. 192 pp. £7.50.
THE NEWS BUSINESS by John Chancellor and Walter R. Mears. Harper and Row, New York. 181 pp. \$12.95.
I SHOULDN'T BE TELLING YOU THIS... by Mary Breasted. Michael Joseph, London. 361 pp. £8.95.

Douglas Davis

most of my compatriots knew what went on behind the Iron Curtain. A stunning admission, considering that his brief, no doubt, was to provide just such enlightenment. Of the Hungarians themselves, Gall offers this compelling insight: "Hungarians are particularly attached to their homeland, maybe more than most other races."

In Israel for the Six Day War, Gall observes that after Nasser had closed the Straits of Tiran, "it put the Israelis with their backs to the wall, a position they did not enjoy being in."

And at the Suez Canal immediately after the war, he notes

that the Egyptians "had pulled well back from the Canal, leaving the Israelis in sole, cocky possession... The Israelis were relaxed and self-confident, letting us film whatever we wanted, the taxi driver acting as an unofficial conducting officer."

Then, at a temporary bridge across the Jordan, he encountered Moshe Dayan talking to Arabs returning to their homes on the West Bank: "His figure was less than soldierly, but it was in the set of the head and the intelligence and force of the one good eye that you got the feeling that here was an exceptional man."

Alas, there is no more time for profundities on the Middle East. The Biafran War is raging ("The Ibos were sometimes known as the Jews of Africa because of their intelligence and commercial skill") and our intrepid fireman is off to keep another date with destiny.

GALL'S TALES, trivial and artless as they are, also contain some rather frank admissions of dishonesty.

On a personal level, he describes blithely how he participated in a rather shabby practice whereby a hotel would present two bills — one genuine, which would be paid; the other, vastly inflated, which would be presented to the news organiza-

tion's head office, from where our fireman would be reimbursed. Ever fearless, Gall pocketed the difference.

On a professional level, Gall relates how, "in my most persuasive voice," he got a Pakistani captain to open fire on an Indian position during the Indo-Pakistan war so that he could get his footage back to London in time for *News at Ten*. Later, he discovered that one of his colleagues had been on the receiving end of the shelling. Very amusing, but the story seems to have been lifted in its entirety from Ed Behr's autobiography, published a few years ago. *Has Anyone Here Been Raped and Speaks English?*

Integrity aside, it is on the basis of accuracy that the reporter is ultimately judged. And here again, Sandy Gall proves to be a disappointment. In the space of a single parenthetical phrase, Gall would have us believe that former South African foreign minister Eric Louw was Jewish and that South Africa is no longer a member of the United Nations.

Were it not for his carelessness in other fields I would hesitate to challenge him in an area in which he appears to be particularly strong — the names and details of the many hotels he has stayed in. But I would bet money that Len Catchpole was mine host at the Coppersmith Arms, not the Elephant and Castle, in Ndola, Zambia.

As a journey into the mind of a fireman — and one with a particularly long nose — this book is sadly revealing.

I GENERALLY FIND that collections of newspaper or magazine columns are, almost by definition, rather stale fare, coming as they must quite a time after the events they describe. But Roy Hattersley's charm and elegance of style in *Press Gang* proved irresistible.

Hattersley is both a consummate politician (a former Labour Party cabinet minister and now a leading contender for the party leadership) and a perceptive journalist. And he approaches his short critiques on the media — all but one of which have appeared in *Punch* over the past two years — with the care of a skilled surgeon approaching the operating table.

"Excoriating the execrable," he writes, "is the critic's occasional

obligation and sometimes even his pleasure."

In the political arena, Hattersley no doubt produces the necessary bombast. But in his *Punch* pieces, he makes his point with a very fine needle.

On a noted British weekly periodical: "The *Spectator* does not simply shine like a polished sentence in an illiterate world. It is, by any standards, remarkably (and consistently) well written... Indeed, were it not for its intolerable political opinions, the *Spectator* would be a pleasure to read."

Roy Hattersley is a pleasure to read. Unfortunately, this book will not mean much to those who do not have at least a passing familiarity with the British scene.

JOHN CHANCELLOR and Walter R. Mears have scored a small triumph in producing a book that is both instructive and highly readable. Chancellor (commentator for NBC's *Nightly News*) and Pulitzer prize-winner Mears (Washington bureau chief of the Associated Press) are eminently qualified to talk and write about *The News Business*.

And that is precisely what they do. Drawing on their rich experiences in the field of news gathering and reporting, Chancellor and Mears both write about and discuss in conversational style all aspects of the news business, from Leads to Delivery.

For the beginner, this book is worth at least one graduate degree: for the seasoned pro, it is a useful refresher course.

THE BOOK is called *I Shouldn't Be Telling You This...* But she is, and what a delight. Mary Breasted takes us inside the newsroom of her fictionalized *Newspaper* (a thin cover for *The New York Times*) and lets rip with a series of racy, pacy, zany episodes involving her heroine, Sarah Makepeace.

The office politics and the intrigues, the plots and the issues, all unravel at a cracking pace, the whole emerging with style and wit. And more than a hint of authenticity.

This book — by a former *New York Times* staffer — must be placed among the funniest and finest in the rich genre of newspaper novels.

was a powerful member of Baldwin's government, which did nothing. Lord Lothian seemed to express the general opinion that Germany "had a right to its own backyard." The Anschluss? It was expected, and a relief when it was over. The Spanish Civil War? The conquest of Ethiopia by Mussolini? These might all be used as bargaining counters (with a few African colonies thrown in to sweeten the deal, if necessary) to achieve the ultimate goal: The final act in this sorry game was Czechoslovakia, with Chamberlain imperiously giving away what wasn't his, and without even consulting the Czechs.

This was all evidence of his contempt for "lesser" peoples, particularly Jews. He followed in the footsteps of his racist father, Joseph Chamberlain. Chamberlain here was once quoted as saying: "I have been called the apostle of the Anglo-Saxon race, and I am proud of the title... There is only one race that I despise — the Jews, sir. They are physical cowards." The author comments that "like most of Britain's ruling class, Chamberlain held attitudes which were clearly anti-Semitic in their uncritical accep-

tance of racial stereotypes." In time, his son earned his own stereotype: "a weak, ineffectual old man feebly waving his umbrella, promising 'peace in our time' while the Wehrmacht marched into the Rhineland, Austria and Czechoslovakia." His policy of appeasement is "today's metaphor for weakness and the cowardly abdication of power in the face of the malevolent."

Fuchser dissolves these stereotypes in a deeper understanding of Chamberlain and his times. Although Chamberlain remains a cold, unlikely, over-aged politician, the author gives us a clearer insight into his personality and the important era that shaped his strongest drive: to prevent war.

Chamberlain and his policy may teach us to take with a grain of salt Santayana's banal maxim that "those who do not remember the past are condemned to repeat its mistakes." "Indeed," says the author, "it would seem that the real 'lesson' of appeasement, if there is one, is that it is precisely those who most vividly remember the past who are condemned to repeat its mistakes."

ISRAEL IS evolving into a mad and slightly evil country. Perhaps this is the conclusion we can derive from Amos Oz's trips around Israel and the West Bank, and the conversations he had there. In October and November 1982, several weeks after the IDF's blitzkrieg through southern Lebanon, and the siege of West Beirut.

The war figures little in the book's recorded conversations and connecting passages. Emil Grunzweig's murder in the grenade attack on the Peace Now demonstration in February outside the Prime Minister's office is one of the few solid links with the Lebanese war.

But the war is there, underlying ethnic-racial hatred in Beit Shemesh, and the vision of the End of Days of Gush Emunim.

OZ DOESN'T deal with the military or political aspects of the war — but with its philosophical underpinnings, and the values and motives and dreams of the mad, bad people responsible for it.

Oz almost nowhere comments or condemns; his own thinking is restricted mostly to a twenty-two page reprint, in the middle of the book, of a speech he gave at Ofra, in Samaria, one evening, after he had listened to, and jotted down, the settlers' remarks.

In this book, he is basically a reporter, a dictaphone. Oz visits Beit Shemesh, old religious quarters in Jerusalem, Ashdod, West Bank settlements, the offices of the Arab newspaper *Al-Fajjar*, Ramallah, and Bat-Shimon, an old-established agricultural settlement. He sits and he listens. He tells us he did not always record conversations word for word, but he has preserved their essence and the tone, in this slim, terrible volume, with its drawing by Anna Ticho of a twisted olive tree on the cover.

AT BEIT Shemesh, seated in a coffee-shop in the town's ugly commercial centre, Oz — "Ze parzuf ma'arach, ze" (that's an Alignment face, that one), "Ata me'Haganah Hateva?" (You're from the Nature Protection Society?) — attracts some of the local citizens, and gets them to talk. Hatred and prejudice and inferiority complexes, ignorance and verbal savagery pour out, uncensored, unappeasable, unreasoning.

Why the great mass of Sephardi votes in 1977, and in 1981, went to a bespectacled little Polish Jew, is explained here in more convincing fashion than I have encountered elsewhere.

These citizens denounce "Television... the Histadrut... the kibbutzim... Peres, [who] goes to America to give Reagan ideas against the state [of Israel]... You white men..."

One of them tells Oz, amid the shouting, how his parents reached Haifa from Morocco and "Iyaol was poured over them." Another says: "When I was small, aged zero, the kindergarten teacher was white and her assistant black... In school, the teacher was Iraqi and the headmaster a Pole. At work, the foreman was a redhead from Solei Boneh. At Kupat Holim the nurse is Egyptian and the doctor Ashkenazi. In the army, my privates are Moroccan and the officers are from the kibbutz. All my life I am below and you are above... why did they bring my parents here?... I'll tell you: Not for the dirty work? You didn't have Arabs then... You brought our parents here so that they would be your Arabs."

For those who don't have time, Oz DOESN'T deal with the military or political aspects of the war — but with its philosophical underpinnings, and the values and motives and dreams of the mad, bad people responsible for it.

Ugly reflections



PO VE'SHAM BE'ERETZ YISRAEL BESTAV 1982 (A Journey in Israel Autumn 1982) by Amos Oz. Tel Aviv, Am Oved. 192 pp. No price stated.

Benny Morris

And the man from Beit Shemesh goes on to make the connection with the occupied territories: "If they give back the territories, the Arabs will stop coming to work, and you will immediately send us back to become black labourers like before. If only for this reason, we won't let you give back the territories."

OR TAKE Eli Geva, the tank brigade commander who preferred to see himself thrown out of the army than to face the possibility last summer of being ordered to lead his men into West Beirut: "Don't say [he deserves] hanging," one Beit Shemesh man tells another... "I probably had personal problems... Also Yossi Sarid, probably it's because he has personal problems... [Eli Geva otherwise] would not have abandoned his troops and run away."

But if a Moroccan soldier runs amok "then everyone says it's poverty, underprivilege and they put him in prison for 90 days. But Eli Geva was made into a national hero... made a director-general." You should kiss Begin's feet, one resident tells Oz, he's a saint because "he told us to forgive you. If he hadn't, I don't know what would happen in this country; you have exploited us and held us up to contempt for thirty years."

"Look at Beit Shemesh and look down below, at Kibbutz Tsora: their girls fuck with volunteers, their boys take drugs... refuse orders during war, beat the government and army, marry Swedish girls and go on *verida*, but they are criminals, beautiful and they are criminals, hoodlums, the mob, the ugly Israel." For those who don't have time,

So "Tzadi" wants us to become the full-fledged (not half-baked) mad state which will scare everyone. "The main thing is that people begin to approach Israel on tiptoe. Not to vex the wounded animal... Let them realize... that quite suddenly, for no reason, before breakfast, we can unleash the Third World War."

Needless to say, "Tzadi" is extremely pleased with the bad press Israel got because of its Lebanese adventure. For it woke up the slumbering anti-Semitic demons in Argentina and Paris and London. So now, at long last, the conditions have been created for renewed *aliya*.

Tzadi readily — proudly? — accepts the title, coined by Prof. Yishayahu Leibowitz, of "Judeo-Nazi." Why not? "To live in a world of wolves without teeth and claws is a worse crime than murder. The fact is that Himmler's and Heydrich's and Eichmann's grandchildren flourish and get fat, and preach at us."

If the six million who died in the camps, "Tzadi" continues, had survived and settled here, and "don't fall off your chair — had killed some six million Arabs, or even one million, what would have happened? Sure, they would have written two-three unpleasant pages in the history books... but today we would have been twenty five million here." Then the writers could have written their fine novels, mullied over moral questions, and so on. Israel could have afforded, the moral luxury of Oz's kind of writing.

WE AREN'T too surprised, then, when we accompany Oz on a visit to the editorial offices in East Jerusalem of *Al Fajjar*, to meet wise, flexible, compromising Palestinians, who don't entertain visions of throwing the Jews into the sea. They sit about telling Oz that they are willing to split the land down the middle, two states. And after you get your share, won't you want ours also? No, no, they tell him.

Later, in inter-Arab polemic, the *Al Fajjar* people withdrew some of their more moderate remarks.

But still, as one man tells Oz, the Arabs, always politically inept, always uncompromising, always headstrong, have suddenly become the Jews in this script while the Jews... Well, it's pretty clear.

This beautifully written book holds up a mirror to what Israeli society is fast becoming, or, in large part, has become. Its best pages are contained in Oz's careful presentation of "sane, humanistic Zionism" in his address to the people of Ofra.

The underlying difference between hawks and doves isn't really about the territories. Oz tells us. It's about contending world-views. The hawks believe the world belongs to predators who are out to get the Jews and Israel. Then the important thing is for the Jews to not more efficiently, to be more deadly, and the Arab victims be damned.

The doves, says Oz, believe in the possibility of a more humane behaviour, among the Arabs, also, and that it can provide for eventual coexistence.

I HAVE only one reservation about this book: it is a fine piece of writing, but can it have any effect on the hawks and mini-hawks and the Judeo-Nazis, and the hate-filled Sephardim of Israel's slums and development towns? Will they read it at all? Did Oz's marvellous speech change the thinking of the true believers of Ofra?

Monument

KETAVIM (Selected Writings) by Yitzhak Katzenelson Vol. 1, Stories and Essays. 280 pp., vol. II, Plays. Beit Lochemet HaGhet-aot, Hakibbutz Hameuhad. 306 pp. No price stated.

Jeffrey M. Green

ALTHOUGH TODAY Yitzhak Katzenelson (1886-1944) is best known for his *Lid fun Oysgehegein Yiddishn Folk* and *Vittel Notebook*, which are among the most important literary monuments to the tragedy of the Holocaust, he would have merited a highly honourable place in the history of Hebrew and Yiddish letters even if the Nazis had not murdered him. These two



volumes contain writing from the beginning of the century until the Thirties, among others, a lively, earthy prose poem describing a journey through Lithuania, a drama about a patriotic, anti-Semitic Polish painter and a Jewish girl who is enthralled with Polish culture, essays about literature and education, and much more.

The biographical sketch by Shlomo Even-Shoshan at the end of Volume I is a touching monument to an extraordinary man. Katzenelson, who lived in Lodz, was a prominent Jewish educator, born to a family of writers and educators. His first cousins, Berl Katzenelson and Yitzhak Tabenkin, were two of the most important figures in the culture and politics of the *Yishuv*.

Yitzhak Katzenelson educated people of every age, from the small children in his sister's Hebrew kindergarten through the adolescents of the Hebrew Gymnasias and on to adult writers and artists. He was apparently an extraordinarily warm, stimulating, and energetic teacher. His plays were not written as literary exercises. Some of them were presented by his students, but in addition to using drama as a means of education, he organized a professional Hebrew theatre troupe in 1912 and took it on a successful tour among the cities of Russia.

The publication of these works by Beit Lochemet Ha-Ghet-aot, an institution named in Yitzhak Katzenelson's honour, is another fitting monument to his reputation. The print is attractive, neat, and readable, and the binding is strong and serviceable, appropriate for libraries, for which these volumes are primarily intended. Scholars, historians, and teachers of Hebrew literature will undoubtedly be grateful to have these writings available once again; however, they also give the lay reader a strong sense of the richness and vitality of the Hebrew culture of Eastern Europe, part of the spiritual treasure that was destroyed with the lives that were lost.

הגדה מן האכל

THE DISCOVERIES at Qumran in 1947 have generated an enormous amount of scholarly and popular interest. The circumstances of the manuscripts' retrieval from a series of caves near the Dead Sea, the political difficulties surrounding the discovery, due to the War of Independence, and the newer problems arising from Israel's acquisition of control of the Rockefeller Museum in East Jerusalem in 1967 — all this and more has helped to endow the material with a romantic aura which has kept interest in the texts alive, created markets for a never-ending stream of books about them and about similar finds, and given new strength to scholarly interest in Jewish and Christian theology and history.

Textual scholarship relating to the Hebrew Bible has derived benefit from the discoveries, while our knowledge of Jewish literature in general has been extended and expanded; knowledge of Jewish sectarianism has been greatly increased, and the background of early Christianity in the broader spectrum of Jewish history much clarified.

One result of all this interest has been the attempt to provide the material discovered with the best possible editorial and publishing support. To this end, an international and inter-denominational committee was set up in 1953 to superintend and organize the task of making the material available to the scholarly world. This splendidly produced book is volume seven of the series. It is concerned with some two thousand fragments of texts found in Cave 4 at Qumran.

IN THE INTRODUCTION, which like the rest of the editorial matter in the volume is in French, the editor describes the vicissitudes through which the fragments and their various students passed between 1953, when the editorial



"The Western Wall" by Meir Ben-Dov, Ze'ev Auer and Mordechai Naor (Ministry of Defence, IS880) is the English edition of "Hakotel" which was reviewed in the "Post" in 1982. It covers every aspect of the wall, the "Post" said, "structure, history, folklore, customs, politics, architecture, literature, art, bibliography and even botany," accompanied by a fine selection of photographs and woodcuts. A definitive work.

Fragmentary texts

QUMRAN GROTTA 4, Volume III (4Q482-4Q520), Discoveries in the Judaean Desert, VII, edited by Maurice Baillet, Oxford, Clarendon Press. 353 pp. + 80 plates. £60.

David Wasserstein

committee was set up, and the completion of the editorial work on this volume in the mid-Seventies. Different collections of fragments were passed from one designated editor or group of editors to others and back again; they were split up, brought together, separated again, sent on "official trips" overseas, then lost or the way back; they were put neatly in order, then jumbled up in a cupboard; different governments came and went in Jerusalem, where the fragments were worked on, and imposed new

conditions on the research of the editors, raising hackles and delaying publication; a number of separate agencies kept agreeing and then disagreeing on the modalities of publication. The reader cannot help feeling sympathetic towards the editor.

WHEN ONE TURNS to the material contained in this volume, on the other hand, one begins to wonder what all the fuss was about. Of the over two thousand fragments many are so short (some of them containing only a letter or two) that they are virtually certain never to add anything substantial or useful to our knowledge of the writings from Qumran or of their background. They are, however, excellently reproduced in the plates at the end of the volume, and for those who want to try their hand at putting

more fragments together the material is available.

The volume contains little that is new or of great importance. What there is, is scrupulously edited, translated (where possible) into French, and provided with extensive commentaries which elucidate some difficulties, offer parallels from other known texts, and attempt to restore damaged fragments.

The book is divided into five sections. The first offers a few scraps of apocryphal and miscellaneous related works. The second contains six manuscripts with substantial parts of *The War of the Sons of Light Against the Sons of Darkness*, together with another text with affinities to this. In the third section we find liturgical fragments, including some hymns and prayers, a lamentation, part of what may be a marriage ritual, and extensive fragments of the *Words of the Luminaries* and the *Canticle of the Sage*. These last offer some relief from the generally hard going, as parts of them have an interest beyond the narrowly academic. The fourth section contains fragments from two short *halachic* texts (the first of which, like so much else in the volume, is extremely fragmentary, and the last, of papyrus fragments, contains scarcely half a dozen words that can be identified with any certainty).

Much of this material has been published before, and most of the text is so badly damaged or so fragmentary that its publication here scarcely adds to our knowledge. It is nevertheless useful to have all the texts from Qumran published, like this, in a standard uniform edition, and especially so given the meticulous editing process which the material has undergone here at the hands of M. Baillet. What is perhaps to be regretted is that it has taken so very long to get the material out.

Survival

WELCOME TOMORROW by Ellen and Arnold Reisman. North Coast Publishing Co. P.O. Box 1119, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120.

Charles S. Tapiero

THIS IS the touching account of a young boy and his family as they struggle for survival in Poland in World War II. The story of the Rajzman family from Lodz, running east as if by instinct, moving deep into the steppes of Russia, is an important document. Its subject is the subtleties of anti-Semitism and the anguish of loneliness in a torn Europe. It is also about the bonds of love and loyalty that exist within Jewish families and among Jews.

Welcome Tomorrow lays bare Polish anti-Semitism before the German invasion.

While only "lucky" Jews were accepted into Russia, those that succeeded had a chance to survive. So *Welcome Tomorrow* is also a narrative of Russia at war. Russians, Georgians, Uzbeks and Jews were all seeking shelter, even if it were only a brief respite.

In Russia, the Rajzman family begins to disintegrate. The oldest son is drafted into the army never to return; the father is taken into one of the innumerable work battalions, digging trenches and building defences; the daughter is struck down by malaria and perishes. It is a time when Russia, though friendly, is engulfed in a struggle. It is also a period of instant maturity for the young Rajzman, who becomes responsible for a family seeking refuge from the war, and goes off foraging into the Ukraine for food and seeks out any bit of information about his father's whereabouts.

AFTER SIX generations or more of living as Catholics, significant numbers of the secret Jews of Spain and Portugal fled from the Iberian Peninsula to those few islands of freedom in Europe where they could openly rejoin their Jewish brethren and return to the practice of Judaism, and that must be considered a wonder of Jewish history. Yosef Kaplan, a lecturer in Jewish history at the Hebrew University, traces the life of one of those Jews, Isaac Orobio de Castro, a physician, theologian, philosopher, and spokesman for the Amsterdam Sephardic Jewish community between 1663 and his death in 1687. Not a typical member of that community, in that he was more learned and articulate than most people, he was nonetheless representative. For his views were in harmony with those of the other community leaders. Kaplan presents Orobio's career both for its intrinsic interest as the study of one man's life and career, and for the light it throws upon the atmosphere among Sephardic Jewry in Amsterdam during the seventeenth century.

WHAT IS astounding about Orobio de Castro's career is that prior to his arrival in Amsterdam, in late 1662, he had been a representative Spanish Catholic intellectual. He studied medicine, theology, and philosophy at staunchly Catholic institutions in Spain, and he also taught at Catholic universities in the guise of a practising Catholic. Nothing in his writings from the first part of his life suggests that he was a

Returnee's story

MINOTSRUT LIYAHADUT (From Christianity to Judaism, The Life and Work of Isaac Orobio de Castro) by Yosef Kaplan. Jerusalem, The Magnes Press, 463 pp. No price stated.

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secret Jew. If "Baltazar de Orobio de Castelo" had died in 1661 when he was still a professor at the University of Toulouse, in southern France, he would have remained an obscure figure in the history of seventeenth century medicine, entirely beyond the range of concerns of Jewish history.

He did not, however, die a Catholic, and today he is principally known among Jewish historians because of his polemical and apologetic writings on behalf of Rabbinic Judaism against Juan de Prado, another Jew from Spain, who had been excommunicated by the Sephardic Jewish community of Amsterdam for his delictive views, and against the philosophy of Spinoza, as well as against Christian spokesmen. Yosef Kaplan's book will certainly make Orobio de Castro much better known, just as it will contribute to our understanding both of the inner convictions and pressures that motivated secret Jews to flee from Spain and reject Catholicism, and of the spiritual at-

mosphere of the Sephardic community of seventeenth century Amsterdam.

KAPLAN HAS followed Orobio from his birthplace in Portugal through his life in Spain, his brush with the Inquisition, and his active and fruitful years in Amsterdam. He has examined primary and secondary sources in at least seven languages and touched upon all the areas of knowledge with which the eclectic Dr. Orobio was familiar: medical theory and practice, neo-Scholasticism, Calvinism, scepticism, deism, the philosophy of Spinoza, and Rabbinic theology — as well as the historical disciplines relevant to the understanding of a figure who lived as fully in the variegated and volatile world of seventeenth century Christian Europe as in that of seventeenth century Judaism — worlds populated by figures such as Galileo, Descartes, Pascal, Spinoza, Milton, Locke, Racine, Andrew Marvell, Cromwell, Equus XIV, Shabtai Zvi, and the Mahari of Prague. This is a book which should be read by any student of seventeenth century intellectual or religious history, whether or not he has a particular interest in the Jewish contribution to European history or the effect of European history upon the Jews.

As a historian, Kaplan is careful not to draw analogies or extrapolate to modern times, although his know-

ledge shows that, like any intelligent Jew living in Israel today, he is not unaware of the possibilities for such readings of his research. One parallel, not mentioned by Kaplan, is that today, after two or more generations of being severed from all Jewish sources, some Jews of the Soviet Union are reasserting their Jewishness.

Although they have very little knowledge of the sources and tenets of Jewish belief, or even of the secular components of modern Jewish identity, like the Jews of Spain, they can gain some information by reading anti-Jewish propaganda and drawing inferences about what is attacked. Similarly, just as courageous Jews returned to Spain to circumcise their Marrano brethren and encourage them to maintain their faith and find a way of leaving Spain, a Jewish underground operates in the Soviet Union to teach Hebrew, spread Jewish knowledge, and encourage *aliya* to Israel.

The secret Jews of Spain held the Catholicism which they pretended to espouse in deep contempt, seeing it as a form of idolatry, just as Marxist-Leninist doctrine probably finds few convinced adherents among the nominally communist Jews of the USSR today. Moreover, just as anti-Semitism pursues the Soviet Jew relentlessly, even one who might be a convinced, patriotic communist Soviet citizen, in Spain the New Christians, even those who had sincerely converted, faced discrimination and lived in constant danger of investigation, trial and punishment by the Inquisition, and thus they were unable to discard their ethnic identity as descendants of Jews, like the Soviet Jew whose nationality is listed in his identity papers.

ANOTHER ANALOGY Kaplan hints at is between the situation of the formerly Christian Jews of Amsterdam and that of many modern Jews who live in the world of traditional faith and, at the same time, the pluralistic and contradictory world of modern intellectual life (as opposed to those heirs of the Enlightenment who were convinced that those two universes of discourse would be possible to reconcile those dilemmas faced by a figure such as Orobio are still with many thoughtful Jews. He left behind the world of Christianity but retained the intellectual foundations he had acquired as a student; he entered the world of Talmudic Judaism and accepted Rabbinic authority, although he had no traditional education whatsoever; and he did so in Amsterdam, where speech and opinion were freer than anywhere else in Europe at that time. Although not a modern man, he certainly prefigures the modern Jew.

Yosef Kaplan's research is both extremely thorough and imaginative, his exposition is clear, the book is intelligently organized and it presents its information cogently. Although it is a specialized study, the areas upon which it touches are so broad and fascinating that one need not be a specialist to derive a great deal of knowledge and pleasure from it.

Tricky treats



MARKETING WITH MARTHA

that the ministry is ignoring the Consumer Council report. Dr. Alma Avni, head of public health services at the ministry, told me it takes a very serious view of Weisman's findings since her professionalism is highly regarded. They are to be followed up by the ministry's own laboratories in Tel Aviv to determine the extent of danger to the public. Where necessary, warnings will be issued to pastry establishments to improve their sanitary conditions within a specified time. If they do not comply, the ministry will take the necessary legal steps.

Based on her reading of the report, Avni told me "I wouldn't want to give the impression that there isn't any danger to public health, but it is not of a nature to require immediate closure of businesses." She pointed out that the ministry has long suggested that it is preferable to avoid rich cream cakes in summertime, because of the potential danger of rapid multiplication of bacteria that cause intestinal upsets.

AVNI SUGGESTED that I meet with two of the officials directly responsible for the supervision of food safety — Dr. Vera Adler, the Tel Aviv District medical officer, and microbiologist Dr. Brian Cous-

sin. He also heads the Israel Standards Institute's microbiological committee, of which Shoshana Weisman is a member.

Without being critical of Weisman's method, Adler and Cousin nevertheless explained why the Health Ministry labs in Tel Aviv do not conduct counts for either general bacteria in cakes, or general groups of bacteria such as coliform or enterococci. In its regular samplings from all pastry bakeries and some shops in the district, at least once in three months, the ministry tests only for *pathogenic bacteria* — i.e., those which cause disease.

General bacteria counts, says Cousin, are at best only an indicator that something may be amiss in the sanitary conditions of a bakery or in the delivery and sales stages of the product. The ministry's Tel Aviv labs are so pressed for time that they must restrict themselves to testing for the presence of actual pathogenic bacteria. In other districts, however, ministry labs do have time for general bacteria testing, as well as the pathological type.

In particular, the Tel Aviv labs check cakes regularly for salmonella — which can cause diarrhea, very high fever and vomiting; shigella — which, among other things, can cause typhoid; staphylococcus — a

cause of serious diarrhea, and clostridia.

Findings of these pathogenic bacteria in cakes are very rare. Over the past half-year, only one case was recorded — a small number of staphylococcus bacteria in some cakes from a bakery in Tel Aviv (which was not one of the Weisman report.) There was also a single case in Haifa last year, Adler told me.

Dr. Adler added that she had specifically questioned the ministry's epidemiologists and was informed that throughout the whole of 1982 there was not one single case of reported food poisoning that was traced to a cake. She admitted, however, that not all cases of food poisoning necessarily come to the ministry's attention.

THE MINISTRY takes very seriously the finding of any pathogenic bacteria, however few, even though the chance of their making anyone sick depends both on the degree of immunity in the individual consumer and on the number of bacteria encountered.

"Officially, the presence of any pathogenic bacteria in food is considered a danger to public health," says Adler. Bacteria multiply very rapidly — doubling in number every 20-30 minutes at room temperature. This rapid multiplication rate is one reason why this high general bacteria counts in food are distressing. If any of those many bacteria happened to have been pathogenic, they will have multiplied enormously too.

At the same time, the public should not panic at the mere word "bacteria." As Dr. Cousin affirms, there are bacteria all around us; most are not dangerous, and some are even helpful. Yoghurt, for instance, is injected with bacteria deliberately so that it will ferment. If one were to run a bacteria count on yoghurt, one would come up with millions per gram.

Of course, we don't want our cream cakes to taste fermented — which is one of the points Shoshana Weisman makes when she says that cakes with very high bacteria rates are inferior in quality. They waste the consumer's money, even if they may not make him sick. Dr. Cousin speculates that the notorious Tel Aviv whipped-cream cake found to have 100 million bacteria per gram had undoubtedly gone sour — and would not have been eaten by anyone.

TASTE, however, is no indicator that a cake is safe or unsafe to eat, Cousin cautions. A cake may taste perfectly all right and yet contain pathogenic bacteria, while another cake which has gone sour may cause no harm.

Because of this, the consumer has no choice but to rely on the appropriate health authorities to carry out regular and thorough checks, and take the necessary steps. If a lab turns up a finding of pathogenic bacteria, ministry officials go immediately to the bakery involved and begin searching for the source of contamination — whether in the raw materials, the equipment, the workers' hands or whatever. Meanwhile, they request a temporary suspension of production and sale, and the bakery almost invariably complies voluntarily. If cooperation is not forthcoming, the ministry seeks a court order to force the business to improve its sanitary conditions or close.

In very rare cases, the Health Ministry uses its power to issue an immediate administrative closure order against a food producer. But

this extreme measure is reserved for cases where there is a serious and urgent threat to public health. It is certainly not the situation in the present case of the cream cakes. As I understand it, the Tel Aviv District Office is going ahead with its routine methodical testing of all pastry bakeries on its register, with perhaps an extra special look at those which were implicated in the Weisman report. So far, it has turned up no pathogenic bacteria in cakes since the report came out.

One shortcoming of the Health Ministry's system is that it generally takes its samples from the places of pastry production, and from those retail pastry shops and coffee-houses that happen to share the same premises as the bakery. The real dangers may well lie in those cakes which are transported from the place of production, often in unrefrigerated vans, to other cafes, restaurants and shops where they are served or sold. Contamination by pathogenic bacteria may occur anywhere along the line, not just at the production end.

Supervision of sanitation in shops, restaurants and cafes is under the direct control of the various municipal authorities, rather than the Health Ministry itself, which controls food production. The municipal authorities are generally much less strict and less well equipped to test food for safety. They do not have laboratories of their own. In Tel Aviv, the Health Ministry lab does testing on ground meat on behalf of the municipality because this is considered a particularly likely hazard, but not on cakes.

ONE RESULT of the Weisman report might be to encourage the Health Ministry to pick up cakes being sold in Tel Aviv from the fancy refrigerated showcase windows on Dizengoff and Ben Yehuda — some of which are in the direct line of sunlight — rather than only at the production points.

One of the factors tested in the Weisman report was the incidence of mould in the cakes, and in one case 700 mould cells per gram were found, whereas the average was fewer than 10. This led me to ask Dr. Cousin whether mould is dangerous to health.

He said the prevailing medical theory is that it is indeed dangerous, because mould can produce a toxin which may cause food poisoning and which, over a long build-up period, is said to be a carcinogen. Therefore, he advises the public to throw out bread, cakes and most dairy products which develop mould. Simply cutting away the layer of mould may not always be sufficient, because the toxin could penetrate to a layer where it is not actually visible. This advice does not apply to those cheeses — such as Camembert, Brie and Roquefort — of which a specific mould is a basic ingredient.

Getting back to cakes, the Tel Aviv Health Ministry officials advise the public to purchase or eat cakes only in places which at least appear to be clean, where all cream-cakes are refrigerated. If the latter are purchased to take away, they should be taken straight home and refrigerated.

"Cream cake is not the ideal food in summertime," Dr. Adler warns, adding that even homemade cream cakes cannot be considered entirely safe foods in summer. There is always a potential danger that some pathogenic bacteria might have slipped in, and the higher the temperature, the faster they multiply.

Martha Meisels